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MAY.

BY LEIGH HUNT.

May! thou month of rosy beauty!
Month when pleasure is a duty;
Month of maids that milk the kine—
Bosom rich and breath divine;
Month of bees, and month of flowers;
Month of blossom-laden bowers;
Month of little hands with dimples,
Lover's love, and poet's praises;
Oh, thou merry month complete—
May!—that very *name* is sweet!

May was maid in olden times,
And is still in Scottish rhymes:
May's the blooming hawthorn-bough;
May's the month that's laughing now.
I no sooner write the word,
Than it seems as though it heard,
And looks up and laughs at me,
Like a sweet face, fondly;
Like an actual color bright,
Flushing from the paper's white;
Like a bride that knows her power,
Startled in a summer bower.

If the rains that do us wrong
Come to keep the winter long,
And deny us thy sweet looks,
I can love thee, sweet! in books—
Love thee in the poet's pages,
Where they keep thee green for ages;
Love and read thee, as a lover
Reads his lady's letter over,
Breathing blessings on the art
Which commingles those that part.

There is May in books forever;
May will part from Spenser never;
May's in Milton—May's in Prior—
May's in Thomson, Chaucer, Dyer;
May's in all the Italian books;
She has old and modern nooks,
Where she sleeps with nymphs and elves
In happy places they call shelves,
And will rise and dress your rooms
With a drapery thick with blooms.
Come, ye rains, then, if ye will,
May's at home, and with me still;
But come, rather thou, good weather!
And find us in the fields together.

Original Novelet.

THE LOST OF THE WILDERNESS;

A Tale of New England Before the Pilgrims

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY AUGUSTINE DUGANNE.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1856, by Deacon & Peterson, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

CHAPTER VI.

TISQUONTAM AND MONOWA.

When the dismal warwhoop of the savages rang upon the ears of Marie de Luzerne, and before her fearful eyes stood the tall figure of a red man, his features grim with paint, his wild eyes gleaming in the light of torches, and a deadly weapon upraised in his hand, it was no wonder that the senses of the maiden forsook her, or that all consciousness of what afterwards took place was lost to her vision. The dreadful attack, the struggle, the capture of her brother and the Abbe Cloude, were mercifully concealed from the apprehension of the young girl, and when she awoke to observation once more, the scene and all its terrors had vanished.

Marie was no longer on the mountain's summit, no longer companioned by her beloved Louis and the Priest, but, instead, she felt herself compressed by the strong arms of a plumed Indian, who bore her rapidly through the dense forest, descending the declivities with the agility of a deer, and treading the green sward with a step springy and light, as if no burden encumbered his progress.

For some moments after awaking to a realization of the change which had taken place in her situation, Marie could with difficulty reflect—all her intellect appeared confused and chaotic. Strangeness and uncertainty seemed to encompass her, as with a cloud. Gradually, however, her brain grew accustomed to the rapid motion with which she was borne forward, and her thoughts began to shape themselves into reminiscences of the past.

The moon had arisen, and cast its radiant light through the forest-openings, silvering wide intervals of the green sward, and casting long belts of glory along the forest-paths, marked by interstices in the thick foliage. Marie felt that she was unbound, and that no wound had reached her; moreover, that her captor was alone—no other footsteps following his own. He sustained her slight form very easily with one stalwart arm, whilst the other bore his bow and heavy war club. Marie noted all this, as she regained her perceptions, and at the same time became aware that her head was pillowed upon the red man's shoulder, her cheek pressed against his glowing neck. She started suddenly, and shrunk instinctively from the contact.

The Indian's coal-black eye, revealed in the moonlight, seemed to flash to the maiden's soul, as its quick glance was turned upon her, recognizing her awakening. But save a short, guttural expression, apparently of satisfaction, he gave no other token of intelligence, but bounded onward, with the same elastic step. Thus onward through the forest, and over grassy hills, resplendent in the moonbeams, and through dim gorges, cloven amid the rocks, until, at length, they reached the margin of a quietly-flowing river, whose banks were clothed with laurel and sumach, and yellow-petaled lilies, waving in the soft, night-breeze.

Here the red man laid his living burden upon the sward, tenderly as a mother places her child to rest, and then parting the bushes that grew by the water, disclosed a light canoe of birch bark, which he drew to the bank. In the stern of this frail bark he first deposited his bow, arrows and war-club, and then lifting once more the trembling form of his captive, disposed her gently in the bow of the vessel, balancing it the while so nicely, that even when his own heavy frame followed, and reached its place in the middle of the craft, no motion took place, save a rapid gliding forth, straight as an arrow's flight, upon the river's bosom. Imperceptibly, as it were, the canoe seemed to strike the current, and, propelled by a light paddle which the red man wielded, shot, with great velocity, down the moonlit tide.

The air upon the river was damp with the exhalations, and Marie's frail body shivered, as she sat motionless in the bow of the canoe. The Indian appeared at once to notice her discomfort, and removing the blanket which bound his shoulders, threw it over the maiden's form. This mark of kindness astonished the captive greatly, for she had been told of the cruelties practiced by the red men towards their enemies, and that hapless prisoners were doomed to suffer the most dreadful tortures. Nevertheless, neither the Indian's courtesy nor apprehensions for her own future, could banish the sad thoughts which now came thickly over the young girl's mind, regarding her brother and the Abbe. She knew not whether they had survived the assault of the savages upon the mountain—whether they had escaped to wander in the wilderness, or whether they had fallen beneath the tomahawks of their foes, or, saddest fate of all, been reserved for cruel triumph and cold-blooded sacrifice to the heathen deities worshiped by the inhabitants of this strange land.

Sad and painful were the images which poor Marie conjured to her fancy, as she reclined at her captor's feet in the canoe, and beheld the dim river banks, evermore changing, as the birchen vessel glided swiftly past them.

Many hours, it seemed, had elapsed when the canoe was checked by a stroke of the Indian's powerful arm, and its prow directed to the shore. Here, with the same deliberation with which he had embarked, the savage drew the little bark ashore, and first taking from it his arms, lifted then his captive to his stalwart shoulder, and bounded away with her into the dark forest with unrelaxed speed. Presently, however, he reached what appeared the termination of the night's journey, and the eyes of Marie opened upon a novel and beautiful scene.

The place where her captor had halted was an interval or vale between two wooded hills, from each of which descended a small stream of water, at first gurgling musically over a pebbly bed, and then lapsing into a gentle and noiseless flow, between banks of soft grass, fringed with lilies, and fragrant with wild honeysuckle and sweet fern. The two streams met, and mingling with each other, parted again to glide on either side of a small, oval islet, and then flow afterwards in a broader channel from the plain into the deep wood, where their course was lost evermore from view. But it was the little islet that most attracted the attention of the captive.

The moon at this time was at its full, and shed from the zenith a bright shower of lustrous rays, disclosing every object as with noonday light. The dark foliage of the opposing mountain-sides was clearly discernible, the twin streamlets flashed lightly as they hurried downward, the banks, with their verdure and flowers, were distinctly defined, and in the centre of all the lovely islet, reposed like a beautiful emerald set in the links of a silver chain.

Upon the isle was a hut or wigwam, constructed after the rude Indian fashion, but not repulsive or naked-looking, like most of the aboriginal habitations. It was built between the massy trunks of two sycamore-trees, patriarchs of the forest, whose immense branches rose high above the roof which they sheltered. Some pretensions to architectural proportions, too, might this dwelling boast, for the top was arched, either by accident or design, and with the curved boughs above it, suggested somewhat of a Gothic effect. Over rooftree and sides, likewise, and around the door-posts, and on either wall, grew thick clambering flowers, honeysuckles, wild eglantine, and russet woodbines. Altogether, the wigwam, or cottage, it might be called, presented an appearance sufficiently remarkable and attractive to divert for a space the thoughts of Marie de Luzerne, so that she forgot the affliction of herself and friends in wonder at the beauty of the scene around her.

The Indian had placed her upon a moss-covered stone which was washed by the streamlet that purled beside it, and there left her for a moment to gaze at the scene we have described, whilst with a light bound he crossed the water, and stood upon the islet in front of the wigwam. A dog, barking loudly, immediately ran from the open door, and the next instant a woman glided out into the moonlight, and darting forward fell into the Indian's outstretched arms, her own hands clasping his bending neck. The dog, meantime, a creature of the small Indian breed, leaped to and fro, and sprang upon the savage, and then, running to the streamlet's edge, barked sharply at the strange figure which his quick eyes saw upon the opposite bank.

The pale-faced maiden, as she sat on the mossy stone, witnessed this apparently joyful meeting, with emotions of sorrow and sympathy—sorrow as she thought of her own desolate state, and sympathy with the affection which was manifested in the actions of the wild beings before her. At the same time it seemed to her that the embraces which she beheld were a guaranty for her own future security—as if they assured a gentle treatment to even a captive and an enemy. And yet to whom was the delicate Marie an enemy?—she whose infancy and childhood had been passed among associations the most peaceful and love-inspiring, whose childhood had been nurtured by the deep affection of an only brother, and spent in the seclusion of cloistered walls? True, the young girl had scarcely known a mother's love, ere it was lost to her forever in this world, but well she remembered the beautiful face, with its sad smile, that often bent over her infant slumbers, and the sweet voice that was wont to soothe her with the dear name of "daughter." Another countenance she half-recalled, that of a majestic man, with clear, brown eye, and noble forehead, whom her heart told her was her father, but who, alas! had known as little of his child as did his wife; for the enmity of a nobleman powerful at court had drawn upon the elder Luzerne the unjust anger of the king, and he had been torn from his wife and children, in the latter's earliest years, and expatriated to the then dreaded clime of America. His lady did not long survive him, but departed from her lonesome state of widowed love, and left her two babes to the care of a good man, her only counsellor, the Abbe Cloude—him who, to the last, had followed and watched over his precious charge.

Such was Marie's brief history, and it flashed vividly through her mind even in that moment, during which her glance rested upon the Indian and his female companion. But she had little time for reflection ere the savage was once more at her side, lifting her in his arms preparatory to recrossing the streamlet. Meantime, the Indian woman had ignited a torch, and its bright light streamed through the woven branches of trees and strips of birch bark, which formed the sides of the hut, into which the white maiden was presently carried, and placed upon a couch of soft furs that occupied a corner. Here, in the light of the torch, she had opportunity to examine closely the appearance of the two, whose singular attentions began to inspire her with wonder, if not with fear.

The Indian, in whose arms she had been borne so many miles, was a man of heavy frame, broad-chested, and erect as a mountain pine. His arms and breast were decorated with painted figures and ornaments, and rows of wampum string hung about his neck, denoting that he was a chief of rank. Buskins of deer-skin defended his feet and legs, and a tunic of some fibrous material, stained with various colors, and sewn with wampum, depended from his waist, over which usually was worn the blanket, with which he had covered Marie, and which he now held in his hand. The chieftain's forehead was broad and high, though disfigured by a streak of crimson paint, blotches of which likewise stained his cheeks. Above the forehead, the head was bare, save where a tuft of black hair was gathered at the top of the skull, and bound with wampum, out of which grew a bunch of eagle's feathers. To the eyes of Marie the chief appeared to be a man of forty years, or more, though in his mien and eyes were apparent all the vigor and spirit of youth.

The Indian girl, for it was evident that scarcely sixteen summers had passed over the head of her who stood beside the chief, and whom the French maiden at once divined to be his daughter, was of slight but graceful figure, with regular features, dark, dreamy-looking eyes, and hair of intense blackness, hanging nearly to her feet. She was clothed in a light robe or tunic woven of threads of bark, broidered with beads, and knit together by shiny rows of shell, whilst a mantle of delicate otter skins was confined to one shoulder, hanging gracefully to her knees. Her small feet were covered by little moccasins of birch bark, gayly spangled with shells and bits of glittering grass. She stood beside her father's knee, as if in fear, and her arching neck thrown back with the air of a princess. Nevertheless though proud in look and mien, the Indian girl's eyes were dwelling upon the pale-faced captive with an expression of tender commiseration, which at once assured Marie that in the Indian's child she had found a friend.

Perhaps so, likewise, thought the chieftain himself, for, as he followed the look of his daughter, it seemed as if his grim brow relaxed, and something akin to a smile lingered upon his lip. The red maiden caught his eye, and apparently read the language which it conveyed, for the next moment she advanced to the French girl, and kneeling beside her, took her head tenderly between the palms of her hands, and imprinted a kiss upon her forehead. Marie's heart grew full in a moment. She forgot that her companion was a strange maid, that she was a heathen and of a savage race. She only felt that warm kiss upon her forehead, and saw two tender eyes gazing into her own with a look of sympathy which won her confidence. Marie de Luzerne sobbed aloud, and throwing herself upon the neck of the Indian girl, burst into a flood of tears.

And there, in that wild but beautiful wigwam, amid the stillness of the summer midnight, those two young beings of different creeds, and natures, and races, mingled their tears together, and united in the sacred flow of sympathetic feeling. And as the twilight flickered upon the scene, the stoical red chieftain raised his hand to his forehead, brushing it hastily across his eyes. Then, striding to the door, he stooped his plumed head, and stood forth beneath the moonlight.

"Ugh!" ejaculated the Indian, as his dark eye cast a backward glance upon the two maidens, "Ugh! the warrior feel woman his heart!"

And he struck his broad breast heavily with his hand, as if to recall his manhood.

Alas! poor Indian! Love is the true manhood and the true womanhood!

CHAPTER VII.

THE RATTLE-SNAKE.

It was early day when the Abbe Cloude awoke from the lethargy into which, together with his young fellow prisoner, he had fallen during the war-dance of the savages. It was with great difficulty that he could recall to memory the incidents of the preceding night. A recollection of some frightful scene, indeed, was dimly present to his mind, but it was rather like the vagueness of a half-remembered dream than the reminiscences of a fearful reality. Gradually, however, as his eyes became accustomed to the place in which he found himself, so the shadowy events of the Indian feast grew vivid to his mind's vision. Again he listened to the monotonous war-chant, the sudden yell, the horrid laughter—again he heard the sharp whizz of the hatchet through the air, and its dull stroke into the wood beside his cheek.

The Abbe strained his gaze until it was able to discern something of the place in which he was. His limbs were still bound, though not with that benumbing tightness which had cramped them during his weary march to the Indian village. He could slightly move his hand, and distinguish beneath its touch the soft wolf-skin on which he lay. He soon ascertained, from the noise of regular breathing around him, that there were other persons near, evidently wrapped in profound slumber, and he therefore concluded that he was confined in one of the wigwams or lodges of the red men, in the midst of guards, as was customary with the Indians to bestow their prisoners. But the uppermost thought of the good Abbe concerned less himself than his friend and charge, Louis de Luzerne, and anxious to discover if the young man was in his neighborhood, he raised himself cautiously, as far as his thongs would permit, and cast a scrutinizing glance about him.

A swart savage, holding in his sleeping grasp a huge war-club, lay close beside the Priest, whilst a dozen more, all apparently slumbering soundly, were dispersed over the wigwam floor; but the Abbe's gaze fell first upon the form of Louis, encompassed by the brawny arms of a herculean Indian; and he breathed a silent prayer of gratitude, as he saw that his youthful friend was sleeping as quietly on the broad breast of his guard as if suffering and captivity were things unknown to his experience.

"How wonderful is sleep!"

The youth was now dreaming of the sunny vineyards of his native France. In fancy he wandered by the fair river of Garonne, with a lovely being by his side, who lifted her blue eyes, and called him "*brother*." Hand in hand they walked amid the sunlight and shadows—together plucked bright flowers, and wove fresh garlands and fragrant bouquets—together sang a sweet melody of Provencal story, or, kneeling side by side, prayed above a grass-grown mound—the grave of a long-lost mother.

Alas, that the poor youth must awake again to reality—to captivity and sorrow! Alas, indeed, that thus all dreams of human life are born but to vanish, leaving behind only the captivity of the real—the chains of the actual!

The Abbe Cloude, as the gray dawn began now to reveal surrounding objects with greater distinctness, watched the slumbers of his savage guards, and their younger prisoner. His eye dwelt with interest upon the swarthy features of the Indians, their sinewy limbs and massy frames, and tears stole unconsciously down his cheeks as he reflected that these were men with souls immortal as his own, yet bound by the shackles of ignorance and error. He thought, with the true missionary spirit, how gladly he would toil for a lifetime in teaching these rude savages the faith that dwells in love; for in the reverend Abbe's heart charity was an abiding principle, and the only feeling which his personal sufferings had awakened in his heart was pity for the unrestrained passions and unnurtured propensities of his cruel captors.

The morning at length began slowly to break, and Abbe Cloude could discern, through the wi[illegible]wam's opening, that the thick clouds were parting over the forest, and permitting gray gleams of day to penetrate the gloom of the village. Afar a dull yellow light, dimly seen [illegible]gh the dense foliage, revealed where the [illegible] was preparing for the coming of her [illegible] and in later air a faint twitter among [illegible] tops told of some feathered minstrel impatient to commence his daily song of praise.

Upon a log at the wigwam entrance, reclined a gigantic warrior, with his weapon, a knotted, jagged, but beautifully polished maple club, grasped in his sinewy fingers; and as the increasing light, falling between the branches of a forest tree above, played over the red man's features, the gazing prisoner was struck at once with their solemn and devout expression. The dusky copper brow seemed gilded with the yellow morning beams, and a strange seriousness, as of awed thoughts, invested the savage face with a quiet grandeur which drew the admiration of the Priest, so that a smile stole over the latter's lips, and he murmured to himself,

"Perhaps the Indian prays! and doubtless his prayers—even his untutored prayers—are accepted of the Lord!"

Thus reflected the Abbe, in whose heart dwelt charity—that even the orisons of his savage enemy might be acceptable to Him whose ears are ever open to the earnest voice of faith.

Again Abbe Cloude turned his head toward the spot where slept the youth Louis in the arms of his guard; but a thrill of deadly terror crept immediately through his frame, and he gasped for breath, as his glance rested on the young man.

Louis slumbered, and around him reposed the dark warriors as before. But another object it was that paralyzed the faculties of Father Cloude. Erect at the very head of young Luzerne, its scaly body glistening in the dull morning light, the Priest beheld the wriggling folds of a large serpent. Its malignant eyes, like sparks of fire, twinkled close to the captive's cheek, and its forked tongue played around his forehead.

Abbe Cloude would have shrieked aloud, but his tongue was rigid, and his mouth only gaped in agonized impatience. He attempted to rise, to move, to burst the thongs which bound him; but his muscles refused to obey the fevered will, and like a paralytic he gazed upon the peril of his friend, impatient to rescue him.

The lodge was silent, save the measured breathing of the unconscious savages. The priest alone, palsied with unutterable horror, beheld the writhing snake. A moment the venomous reptile stretched its length beside the captive; then it reared itself, with crested head, once more, and threw back its fanged mouth, as if to strike its victim. At that instant returned the power of utterance to the beholder, and he vented his stifled feelings in a loud cry of terror.

Immediately, and indeed before the Abbe's cry had ceased, the sleeping Indians were upon their feet, clutching their weapons, whilst a succession of short yells rang alarm through all the village. The reclining warrior, at the lodge door, sprang up, brandishing his club, and a crowd of braves and screeching squaws poured into the wigwam. They beheld Father Cloude half rising from the ground to which he was fastened by wooden stakes driven through his thongs into the ground, and pointing with outstretched arm toward his fellow captive, who lay gasping upon the earth; while the serpent, gliding to a corner of the hut, there reared its crest again, darting to and fro its poisonous tongue. It was but the work of a moment, however, for a stout brave to hurl his club at the angry reptile. It fell, crushed and dying, upon the ground, and the Indian's moccasined foot bruised its wriggling head.

A gentle featured Indian woman ran from among the squaws, and kneeling beside the young captive, lifted his drooping forehead from the mat on which he had fallen from the arms of his guard. Louis struggled for breath, as though overcome with pain or fright, and the woman, baring his arm, disclosed upon the shoulder a few drops of blood. The snake had struck its victim surely, and its poison was in the wound. This sad fact was attested to the senses of Abbe Cloude by the sudden guttural exclamation that ran from one to another of the savage spectators. The Priest groaned bitterly, and strove to crawl toward his friend, but the strong hand of one of his guards restrained him, and a short "ugh" imposed silence.

Nevertheless, it became evident at once to the Abbe that his fellow-prisoner was not to be left without immediate aid. The squaw who had raised the youth and discovered the hurt, now tore away the covering of the captive's neck, and stooping beside him, applied her lips to the venomous bite inflicted by the rattlesnake's fangs. At the same time an ancient-looking savage who stood by, plucked some grass that grew near the lodge-door, and placing it in his mouth, began slowly to chew, whilst the woman sucked at the youth's arm. Abbe Cloude gazed wonderingly at the strange coolness and silence of the Indians, for since the serpent had been struck down, not a word had fallen from any of the party, save the guttural "ugh" of the guards.

For a few minutes the wild group remained in a circle, and the Abbe intently watched the squaw, as she knelt beside his youthful country-man, her lips glued, as it were, to his wound. At length, withdrawing her mouth, the woman turned toward the old savage who had been chewing the weeds, and receiving from him the masticated pulp, placed it upon the shoulder of Louis, covering the inflamed spot where the snake's teeth had entered. Then, winding thin slivers of ash about the arm, and binding a bandage of bark tightly over all, the squaw concluded her rude surgery; after which, obedient to some directions which she gave, two Indians, lifting the wounded captive, bore him in their arms from the large wigwam.

Abbe Cloude essayed once more to rise, but the savage nearest him touched his tomahawk significantly, and motioned him to lie quiet. Then the guard took his seat beside the lodge entrance, and the other warriors, together with the squaws, retired silently from the hut.

Morning wore on, and the many sounds peculiar to an Indian village began to be heard. Dogs passed the lodge with a short, quick bark, fowls screamed, and the noise of stones with which the squaws were grinding their corn, mingled with the sound of wooden drums and conch shells, making a not unpleasing dissonance to the ear. The guard at the wigwam entrance leisurely filled his stone pipe, and presently a powerful odor of the tobacco weed filled the lodge. Insensibly a dreamy maze enveloped the Abbe's senses, and he sank into a feverish sleep.

When he awoke, it was near midday, and another savage smoked at the hut door. The new guard offered his prisoner food, of which the priest ate ravenously; for long abstinence and the exhausting excitement that preceded his sleep, had made him like a child in weakness. The savage jailor smiled grimly as he beheld the old man devour the savory succotash, and then, unbinding his thongs, he motioned him to rise. Abbe Cloude obeyed with difficulty, for the withes had cramped his limbs whilst he slept; but, summoning all his strength, he followed the stately form of his Indian conductor out of the wigwam, and through the monotonous bustle of an aboriginal town.

A singular scene was presented to the European's eyes. Stalwart savages lay dispersed in various attitudes, in front of their huts, or upon the green carpet of soft grass, lazily recumbent, and surveying each other in dreamy indolence, whilst groups of old men, youths, and squaws were scattered here and there, eagerly listening to young braves, recounting tales of their maiden achievements in the late expedition. Square ovens of stone were smoking near some of the lodges, at which squaws were prepariug food; and steaming haunches of wild deer and huge joints of moose meat, hung from the boughs of trees, attesting the great success of the hunters who occupied the wigwams nearest to them. Lean, stunted dogs were running to and fro, sporting with the naked papooses who rolled on the grass, or, strapped to boards, were placed upright against the gnarled foot of oak trees; and bands of urchins, with tiny bows and blunted arrows, were performing mimic battles, or hurling light tomahawks at targets with wonderful dexterity and precision.

Abbe Cloude's guide strode toward a spot of elevated ground, where a group of young men and women were dancing and singing, recalling to the captive's memory the scene of the preceding night. A monotonous chant sounded from their midst, and high above their heads, they tossed spears and hoops wreathed with evergreen, yelling and leaping the while in confused chorus. Father Cloude shuddered, for he remembered now too well the horror of the war dance, and a fearful thought now darted through his brain that perhaps himself and companion were to be sacrificed in some heathen rite. But he recovered his calmness in a moment, and said to himself—

"The good God seeth us, and we are in His almighty hands, to dispose of as He willeth!"

The Indian stalked onward, and the Abbe soon found himself in the midst of the wild throng of dancers. But his hopes revived, and a prayer of confidence rose to his lips, as he marked the scene which now unfolded itself.

A group of young men and maidens were swaying to and fro, in the movements of their singular dance, circling a green bank, with measured steps, whilst they sang in rude cadences, and waved aloft green branches, and garlands of wild flowers. Seated upon the bank, as on a rural throne, sat the gentle-featured squaw, who had sucked the poison from the wound of Louis de Luzerne; and the young captive's head now reposed quietly upon her bosom, while green leaves and blossoms were strewn thickly around them by the group of mirthful dancers.

Abbe Cloude, familiar with the customs of savage tribes, recognized at once the ceremony by which a prisoner was adopted into an aboriginal community. He saw that the Indian woman had chosen the young stranger as her son, having probably lost some youthful brave who had before called her mother. The life of the pale-face was henceforth safe, and the youths and maids were now celebrating the adoption which had secured the captive from sacrifice.

Louis raised his head, as he beheld his reverend friend, and feebly offered his hand. Father Cloude knelt upon the sward, and murmured—

"Thank the good God, my son! you are saved! For me it matters not! I am but a withered branch!"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

MYSTERIES OF THE AIR.—Let a man roll a little air in his mouth, and what is that? Let Napoleon twist it between his lips, and the whole world is at war; give it to Fenelon, and he shall so manage it with his tongue that there shall be everywhere peace. It is but a little agitated air that sets man in motion. If we could live without air, we could not talk or hear any sounds without it. There would be a blazing sun in a black sky—sunshine mingling with thick darkness, and there would be everywhere an awful silence. There is less air in the upper than in the lower regions of the atmosphere; the bottom crust of air, is, of course, densest. Saussure fired a pistol on the summit of Mont Blanc, and the report was like the snapping of a stick. There is a well at Fulda three hundred palms deep; throw a stone down it, and the noise it makes in its descent will be like the firing of a park of cannon. It goes down among the dense air, and also it reverberates. When a man speaks he strikes the air with his throat and mouth, as the stone strikes water, and from his tongue as from the stone, spread undulating circles with immense rapidity.

Those circles may be checked and beaten back in their course, as it is with the waves of a sound made by a stone tumbling down a well, beaten back and furiously multiplied. At the castle of Simonetti, near Milan, one low note of music begets a concert; for the note is echoed to and fro by the great wings of the building that reflect and multiply a sound just as light is, and may be brought quite in the same way to a focus.

A word spoken in the focus of one ellipsis will be heard in the focus of an opposite ellipsis hundreds of yards away. Such a principle was illustrated oddly in the great church of Agrigentum, in Sicily. The architect, perhaps intentionally—built several confessionals of one elliptical form, with corresponding ellipsis, in which, whoever stood, heard all the secrets whispered to the priest. A horrible amount of scandal sprung up in town; nobody's sins were safe from getting into unaccountable publicity. The church soon became such a temple of truth, that nothing was left to be hidden in it; but at last, by chance, a discovery was made of the tale telling tones, and the walls had their ears cropped.

HOUSEHOLD OF LENDY.—The following extract from a curious old MS. contains some very singular directions for regulating the household of Henry the Eighth. We glean from it that the adulteration of food and drink is a delinquency not peculiar to our century; and, if requisite to guard against such practices in the royal menage, how must it have fared with the commonalty in times when Frederick Accum, Dr. Hassall, and chemical analysis as yet existed not? It were devoutly to be wished that all offenders in this sort could be indiscriminately "set i' the stocks" nowadays:—"His highness's baker shall not put alums in the bread, or mix rye, oaten, or bean flour with the same; and, if detected, he shall be put in the stocks. His highness's attendants are not to steal any lock or keys, tables, forms, cupboards, or other furniture, out of nobleman's or gentleman's houses, where they go to visit. Master cooks shall not employ such scullions as go about naked, or lie all night on the ground before the kitchen fire. No dogs to be kept in the court, but only a few spaniels for the ladies. Dinners to be at ten, suppers at four. The officers of his Privy Chamber shall be loving together, no grudging or grumbling, nor talking of the king's pastime. There shall be no romping with maids on the staircase, by which dishes and other things are often broken. Care shall be taken of the pewter spoons, and the wooden ones used in the kitchen be not broken or stolen. The pages shall not interrupt the kitchen-maids. Coal only allowed to king's, queen's, and lady's chambers. The brewers are not to put any brimstone in the ale."

PORK EATING IN BRAZIL.—The prominent feature in dietetics here is the enormous consumption of pork. It is used by the highest and lowest, and used every day. And then what pork! It is all fat; at least what lean appears is but a film—a slip of pink blotting paper lost in a ledger. One is surprised to find the strongest reasons for prohibiting swine's flesh in warm climes in the East so successfully set at naught here, and under the equator itself. European physicians of long standing here, admit that it is as wholesome in Brazil as in any part of the earth. Brazilians are a fat and sleek people, and though the enervating influences of the climate, and the lassitude it induces, prevent them from working oft superfluous flesh by labor, as our pig-eating farmers and others do, their general health, and the great age to which many arrive, corroborate the doctor's views. The active native hog—the peccary secretes little fat. Pork, always held in high esteem in Europe, was particularly so by Spaniards and Portuguese. With them and other people it was usual to begin the Easter feast, in celebration of the expiration of Lent, not with a sirloin or rump of beef, but with a gammon of bacon—a dish often ushered in by a laughable representation, in dough, of Lenten fare and its departure, a dried herring on a gallows staff. The great Spanish dish is the olla, composed of fowls, mutton, beef and other matters, but never without bacon; hence, "An olla without bacon is no olla." And so with the Portuguese and Brazilians—a dinner without toucinho is next to no dinner at all.—*Life in Brazil.*

CAN YOU MAKE IT OUT?—The following Vandois inscription is cut on the stone of an old house in Grosse Pierre, Commune de Molinet, in Quayras, High Alps:

Pece viv gener crim morte
—eator ens— —avit —ine —in.
Salv mori reserv sanga vita

The following translation has been made:

Hv sina strangres procur damn
A dy Redeem er's sion ed salon.
Pas purchas salv

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

HENRY PETERSON, EDITOR.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, MAY 24, 1856.

ALL THE CONTENTS OF THE POST ARE SET UP EXPRESSLY FOR IT, AND IT ALONE. IT IS NOT A MERE REPRINT OF A DAILY PAPER.

TERMS, &c.

The terms of the Post are $2 a year, if paid in advance—$3, if not paid in advance. For $5, IN ADVANCE, one copy is sent three years. We continue the following low terms to Clubs, to be sent in the city to one address, and in the country to one Post Office:

4 Copies,		$5,00 a year.
8 "	(and one to the getter up of Club,)	10,00 "
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Persons residing in BRITISH NORTH AMERICA must remit TWENTY-FIVE CENTS in addition to the subscription price, as we have to prepay the United States postage.

ADDITIONS TO CLUBS.—Any person having sent the money and names for a Club, may add new names to it at the same rate, provided the latter will allow their subscriptions to end at the same time those of the main list do. We will willingly supply the back numbers if we have them. Our object is to have all the subscriptions in each Club end at the same time, and thus prevent confusion.

The Money for Clubs must always be sent in advance. When the sum is large, a draft should be procured if possible—the cost of which may be deducted from the amount.

REJECTED COMMUNICATIONS.—We cannot undertake to return rejected communications. If the article is worth preserving, it is generally worth making a clean copy of.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

E. W. W. We do not insert advertisements of the kind you forward—besides, if we did, you send no money. If you wish a wife from the East, come on and try if you can find a lady will have you.

SUBSCRIBER.—You have five hundred dollars, and wish to know how best to invest it. If you have health, industry and economy, seek out some good location in the West, and put it either in farm land or town lots. If you can manage a farm, do the former—if you cannot, the latter, supporting yourself by clerking or some other employment.

"K. K." Respectfully declined.

THE LATE WAR.

As the war in Europe is now concluded, the Treaty of Peace being duly signed, sealed and delivered, our readers naturally may expect us to make some closing remarks relative thereto.

They will remember that at the beginning of these difficulties, in common with probably nine-tenths of the American Press, the Post considered that France and England—and especially the latter—were bound to interpose between the Czar and the Sultan, by every consideration of justice to Turkey, as well as of safety to Western Europe. They will remember that the force of popular opinion in Great Britain, urged on by the sentiments of all free spirits everywhere, at length absolutely forced the government into a war with Russia, against the wishes of the Tory portion of the aristocracy, headed by Prince Albert. They will remember that as soon as England became fairly involved in the war to which we Americans had made every effort to goad her, a portion of the press of this country began to seek for excuses to desert her cause, and to give their sympathies to Russia. And they will remember how, through the latter half of the war, a large portion of our press suffered no occasion to pass which afforded them an opportunity of misrepresenting the Allies, and of eulogizing their enemy.

And now, at the conclusion of the whole matter, the same course of misrepresentation is still pursued. The Treaty of Peace, which fully [illegible] the great object [illegible] the war is received [illegible] even Russia herself, they will not acknowledge what is evident even to the Czar, that the traditional policy which was inaugurated by Peter the Great has received its death blow, and that henceforth the energies of Russia must be turned from the field of External Conquest, to the more glorious one of Internal Improvement and Development. And, in truth, that the result of this sanguinary war promises in this way, to be fully as beneficial to the defeated as to the victorious party. For, however much Alexander may have wished to deviate from the established policy of the Empire, he never could have done it of himself—only a great foreign influence could dash that hideous compound of brass and clay to pieces, and relieve the nation from its base and degrading idolatry.

The end of the war has thus been obtained. Turkey has been admitted into the family of European nations—her rights put for the first time under the general guardianship, secured in addition by a special treaty between France, England and Austria—the just privileges of her Christian population, the pretence always urged by the Czar for attempted appropriations of her territory, fully secured—the menacing fleets and fortresses of the North swept from the Black Sea—a new frontier established—and, in one word, such measures taken as were deemed necessary to bar the traditional march of the Russian southward.

Of course every one knows that the Future cannot be made certain. The strongest treaty may be broken—the most sacred pledges violated. But, in all human probability, this generation at least, will never see another attempt of the Czar to annex the dominions of the Sultan. The indications now are, that if the present Czar lives to a good old age, the arts and triumphs of Peace, and not of War, will predominate in the policy of Russia.

The Peace just concluded—thus important in itself—is almost equally as important in its adjuncts. The Plenipotentiaries of Russia, Sardinia, France, Austria, Turkey, and England, assembled in Conference, have pledged their respective governments to the following alterations in the law of nations, binding at once upon themselves, and to which they invite all other governments to accede:—

1. Privateering is and remains abolished.
2. The neutral flag covers enemy's goods, with the exception of goods contraband of war
3. Neutral goods, with the exception of contraband of war, are not liable to capture under an enemy's flag.
4. Blockades, in order to be binding, must be effective; that is to say, maintained by a force sufficient really to prevent access to the coast of the enemy.

Further, in the sitting on the 16th of April, Lord Clarendon brought forward a proposal that the Congress should agree to a declaration in favor of the reference of future disputes to the arbitration of a friendly power in preference to war.

France and Sardinia were fully prepared to unite with England in this Declaration; but as neither the Austrian nor Russian envoys could commit their Courts upon the subject without consultation, the following expression of opinion was adopted:—

"Whereupon the plenipotentiaries do not hesitate to express, in the name of their governments, the wish that States between which any serious misunderstanding may arise should, before appealing to arms, have recourse, as far as circumstances may allow, to the good offices of a friendly power.

"The plenipotentiaries hope that the governments not represented at the Congress will unite in the sentiment which has inspired the wish recorded in the present protocol."

We think every enlightened friend of True Progress must warmly commend all of the above Declarations. The abolition of War does not yet seem entirely possible—but these are the triumphant steps to the great final Triumph of "Peace on earth, and Good Will to Men." War is a very different thing now from what it was when a captured army or the inhabitants of a conquered city either were slain or sold as slaves—the sword and the chain not sparing even the women and children. The persons of non-combatants are now scrupulously respected by the laws of honorable warfare—though of course the practice is not always up to the level of the precept. The next step is to hold the property of private citizens sacred—public opinion already beginning to condemn the wanton destruction of the property of an enemy, merely because it is an enemy's property.

Thus, when the American Army invaded Mexico, the provisions needed for the troops were generally paid for—a distinction being made between the property of the government and of the people, which is not only just, but politic. While, as a contrary instance, nothing was esteemed so mean and contemptible in our two wars with Great Britain, as the wanton devastation of private property in which several British expeditions indulged. Even the destruction of the *public* buildings at Washington during the last war, was considered hardly consistent with the character of honorable enemies.

For the object of honorable warfare is not "to fill your purse," or even to empty your enemy's purse, but to appeal to the God of Battles. To plunder and to ravage is to act as a Vandal or Buccaneer, not like a Christian Warrior. And in this lies the objection to Privateering—its essential element being the desire for plunder.

The abolition of Privateering is, as our older readers know, essentially an American measure. During Mr. Jefferson's administration, an article condemnatory of the practice was introduced into a treaty between the United States and Prussia. And, if we are not mistaken, public opinion in this country, at that time, was almost universally against the system. Even long before the Declarations which we are now considering, privateering on land (if we may be allowed the expression) had been universally voted disgraceful, and one step taken towards its abolition at sea. For a privateer which cannot produce a license or commission from some government, is even now considered a pirate, notwithstanding it may be manned and commanded by the subjects or citizens of a hostile nation. The next step, to the total abolition of Privateering, is a very natural one, and we trust that by the assent of the leading nations it will be speedily incorporated into the great public law of the world.

As to the other propositions, including that favoring Arbitration, they must commend themselves so certainly to every enlightened mind, that we think there is very little necessity of wasting words in their advocacy.

One word in relation to some supposed advantages of the system of Privateering, so far as the United States is concerned, before we leave the subject. There is a certain class of American journalists, who are always ready to take the alarm at anything proposed by England, even if it were a moment before one of their own darling projects. These gentlemen profess to see in the attempted abolition of Privateering a great blow at the United States—because our navy is small in comparison to the navies of France and England. But we cannot perceive that the abolition of Privateering would at all interfere with the using of our merchant vessels by the government [illegible] Already [illegible] the coming steamships are to be purchased for warlike purposes if necessary; and the government in the same manner, could buy up as many merchant vessels as it required. These would differ from privateers in being regularly enrolled in the navy, commanded by U. S. officers who are responsible to the government for their behaviour, and whose first and main object would be something else than mere buccaneering for plunder. In this mode our commercial marine could be used for warlike purposes with probably even more efficiency than as privateers—for, with the latter, the primary and almost exclusive object is always gain. The captain of a privateer, having only the pecuniary interests of the owners in view, generally will decline all contests with an enemy at all equal in strength, because of the little to be made by such an operation; but will embrace every opportunity to attack the unprotected and defenceless. In short, a privateer is a mercenary bully, who ventures into the enemy's country for the purpose of avoiding all men of his own size, unless they are unarmed, while he plunders indiscriminately all who are weak and unable to defend themselves. The same vessel, enrolled in the navy, is a gallant knight, who wishes above all things to meet his equal, and fears not to meet a superior, but has no great amount of skill in picking pockets and robbing hen roosts. Therefore down with the former, say we, and adopt the latter, in case of war, among the defenders of the country. If private property on the ocean escapes to a greater degree than it otherwise would, it will be the better for all parties, and especially for those who, like ourselves, have a great amount constantly afloat.

RELATIONS WITH ENGLAND.

The answer of Lord Clarendon has been received through Mr. Dallas. It is courteous in its tone, but conveys the refusal of the British Government to recall Mr. Crampton. The administration is preparing an answer to it, which will close, it is said, by informing Lord Clarendon that Mr. Crampton has been furnished with his passport. This action will be met, it is supposed, by a similar dismissal of Mr. Dallas from the English Court.

There is nothing in this probable cessation of diplomatic intercourse between the two countries necessarily indicative of war; but it would be foolish to deny, that taken in connection with the Central American difficulty, the recent recognition by President Pierce of the Minister sent from Nicaragua by Gen. Walker, and the insulting remark of the French Minister of War, a conflict with the combined governments of Great Britain and France, is by no means among the improbabilities. Such a war could hardly occur without the most momentous consequences to one side or the other.

AN EXPLANATION.—The editor of the New York Sunday Courier recently was assaulted by an individual whom he had criticised. Whereupon the *Atlas*, another Sunday paper, thus explains the difficulty:—

"Mr. Lyster delivered a lecture on Nicaragua, and the *Courier* said that it was ungrammatical. As the lecture was not written by Lyster, we do not see how this could have offended him, or wounded his feelings."

PANIC IN THE MONEY MARKET.—In consequence of the rumored dismissal of Mr. Crampton, and other political causes, there was quite a panic in the money market at New York and this city on Monday last, and stocks generally receded one to two per cent.

HAY RAKE.—We call attention to the advertisement of D. Landreth & Son, of a new article of this character.

UNIVERSAL SUFFRAGE.

In the course of a recent debate in the Senate, Gen. Cass referred to a witticism generally attributed to Dr. Franklin, and which is as follows:—"If there is a property qualification of fifty dollars—a man who owns a jackass worth that sum has the right to vote to-day; but to-morrow the jackass dies, and the man loses the right to vote. Then in whom does the right to vote lie—in the man or in the jackass?"

This is all very good as a witticism—but the wise men of past ages, it may be readily inferred, never would have supported a property qualification, unless there had been some more solid foundation for it than what is implied in what may be called the donkey theory. The idea upon which a property qualification, where it obtains, is founded, we take to be simply this: That the possession of a certain small amount of property, as a general rule, implies at least the moderate exercise of a reasonable number of the virtues—such as Industry, Temperance, Economy, Good Judgment, &c. For instance that, taking a thousand men at the age of thirty—made up in a fair proportion of those who have inherited property, and those who have inherited nothing—those who do not possess the sum of fifty dollars, will be, *as a general rule*, those who have great faults or great vices of character. Of course this would not be true without any exceptions—because there might be a few who had experienced sudden reverses, and had not had time to recover from them, or had been kept destitute by the sickness of themselves or families. But the advocates of a property qualification would contend that the complete absence of property implied *generally* absence either of good sense or of good habits.

A more common, but, in our view, less sound argument for a property qualification, is this—That only those who own the property of a State should have a vote in its disposal. But this is sinking the fact that the action of the State affects persons as well as property.

As to which principle is the correct one, Property Qualification or Universal Suffrage, we think it depends entirely upon the amount of Intelligence and Morality in the community. Where the great masses of the people have intelligence to see through the arts and sophistry of political demagogues, and virtue enough to despise alike their flatteries and their invocations to false thinking and wrong doing, Universal Suffrage is not only good policy, but the *best* policy—for it attaches the people to the Government by that participation in its decisions which is the strongest of ties. But, where the masses of the people are lacking in intelligence and virtue, Universal Suffrage, in a few centuries, generally will cut the throat of the Government, and its own too. The old adage, "put a beggar on horseback, and he'll ride to the devil," receives a more or less speedy, but certain illustration.

And the reason of this is evident. In every community there lies at the bottom a certain amount of absolute dregs, composed either of very ignorant and incapable, or very vicious material. Now, if this lowest class is thrown out of the voting body—either by a property qualification, a reading and writing qualification, or any other—its opinions, which are generally unsound, become of very little moment, as they have no influence upon the decisions of the State. But, if this class be a large one, and, through universal suffrage, it be made of as much importance, and perhaps more importance, than any oth[illegible] the intellectual and moral tone of the state[illegible] who seek to obtain its votes. Even wise and good politicians will be compelled thus to debase the tone of their politics—because, as they will argue, if we lose this class, we lose all control for good of the country. It is thus that, in those countries where large masses of the people are uneducated or vicious, Universal Suffrage rapidly degrades first the tone of political morals, and, as a necessary consequence, ultimately the tone of private and business morals.

In every Representative Government, the Representatives must and do *represent* their constituents—using the word in its most correct sense. For instance, if a community of knaves choose a knave to represent them, and he uses his power for his own selfish purposes, and not for the good of his constituents, he truly *represents* them, although he may not do as they wish. In truth, the Representative necessarily must be an average sample of those who vote for him, with this one exception—that fools often may be represented by rogues. But then, it may be argued, rogue and fool are almost convertible terms. The old proverb says—"The Devil is a Fool"—and certainly no wiser saying was ever penned. While the Scripture says, "The fear of the Lord is the beginning of Wisdom"—and no one who is truly wise, not merely cunning, will deny that. On the other hand, it is "the *Fool*" who "hath said in his heart there is no God"—and thus proclaimed the foundation principle of all roguery.

Yes, the Representative must and will represent his constituency—and, therefore, all the editorial and other complaints about our Congress at Washington, are simply nonsense. No people where universal suffrage exists, can shift off the short-comings of their political agents on the ground that they do not represent them. If the representatives are, as a general thing, selfish, unprincipled men, it is because the majority of the people are so likewise. There is no evading the force of this conclusion—it rivets its own way as it goes.

And thus it is, that when the people assent—as they so often have done in the history of this world, and probably so often will do hereafter—to the dispersion of their legislative representatives by the armed forces of some popular executive, it is simply an admission of their incompetency to govern themselves. It is simply saying, "Good Mr. Cromwell, good Mr. Napoleon, we have tried this thing of self-government, and we find it a flam—some of us think we could do it alone, but there is such a lot of fools and rogues about, that our decisions are constantly overruled, while not even the fools and rogues are satisfied—therefore, good Mr. Cromwell, or Napoleon, just please manage our affairs for us."

There is the whole matter in a nutshell—and there is the cause of what theorists so often call revolutionary "reactions." The people think, perhaps truly, that they are badly governed—they take the reins into their own keeping—find that they are making a great botch of it—and therefore, after a time of "kicking up their heels," contentedly go back to the old order of things, like the horse in the fable who had wandered from his master's barn and his master's regular fodder.

And what then is the natural conclusion to which we come? That it is impossible for a nation to be free except so far as it is intelligent and virtuous. "If the *truth* make you free, then are you free indeed"—but a mere bestowal of the elective franchise on men not fitted for it, will not make them free. Even as to mere nominal freedom, it may end, in the course of a few years, in fewer privileges than ever. Liberty is not possible without wisdom—not only mere intellectual wisdom, but that kind of which the fear of the Lord is the beginning, and the love of the Lord the end. And just in proportion as the masses of a nation possess this kind of wisdom, just in that proportion are they capable of participating in the direction of public affairs, with advantage to the community, and with safety to themselves, and such liberties as they already possess. Universal Suffrage thus may be a very good thing, or it may be a very bad thing—it may conduce to the union and prosperity of a people, or it may insanely hurry the ship of state on to those hidden rocks which are laid down only in the charts of the wise and the good.

A MARVELLOUS LOCK.

We have lately been favored with a view of the operation of a newly invented Bank Lock, which is indeed a wonderful piece of mechanism. The inventor is Mr. Linus Yale, Jr., now, we believe, of Philadelphia. The invention is styled the "Magic Infallible Bank Lock"—a title smacking somewhat of what the French would term *charlatanerie*, and we Yankees *humbug*. But whatever of this might be considered as attaching to the distinctive title of the mechanism, we are assured that there is not a particle of humbug about the mechanism itself, or in the claims of its inventor. We readily pardon a clever man some quackery in the nomenclature which describes his invention, when the invention itself proves by its operations its supreme value. And, besides, this title, which may offend the taste, does not violate the truth. The lock is really magical in its processes and infallible in its security.

Everybody has heard of our American Mr. Hobbs's famous Parautoptic Lock, and everybody on this side of the pond has crowed the national crow over the futile endeavors all Britain made to pick it. We sky-rocketed over that, and McCormick's Reaping Machine, and other Yankee inventions, in our newspapers and in Fourth-of-July stump speeches and orations, for a long time. Mr. Hobbs became one of our institutions, and the fame of his lock was another feather in the full wings of the American eagle. We would have felt injured if the Britishers had caught the secret of its bolts, and would perhaps have talked furiously of an instant war with England to wipe out the stain upon our national honor. But we were mercifully spared the grief and the necessity. Mr. Bull couldn't pick the lock, and Mr. Jonathan crowed on victoriously. But now, at last, Hobbs's lock has been picked, and we can still exult, and plume ourselves upon being a more almighty smart nation even than our modesty would previously allow us to give ourselves credit for. For what England couldn't do, America has done. Our American Mr. Yale has picked the great Hobbs lock, and crowned the achievement by inventing one of his own which he affirms it is impossible to pick. The story is told that Michael Angelo, surveying a badly drawn and disproportioned figure in a fellow artist's cartoon, drew on the cathedral wall a magnificent form, and remarked "I criticise by creation." Mr. Yale has not been content with detecting the defect in his fellow artisan's invention, but he has made a piece of mechanism in which the defect is remedied. He has criticised by creation.

We wish to give our readers some lucid account of the construction of this curious and beautiful device; but fear we shall fail. Mechanism, like all branches of science, has necessarily a technical phraseology of its own, which [illegible] gon to all save the initiated. And, probably, the most cursory observation would better inform even a practical mechanic as to the construction and operation of machinery, than the most accurate and simple description thereof could possibly do.

The first noticeable feature of this lock is that its peculiar construction defies the possibility of its being picked by *feeling*. No instrument can, for certain reasons, feel out the interior stops.—One effect of the key is to cover up and conceal its own work on the lock; and this, too, prevents the method of picking by impression. Mr. Yale himself could not pick his own lock! Nothing but the key that locks it—and this key is Protean, and can assume *five million different forms* at the option of its owner!—nothing but the key that locks it can unlock it.

For, look you—in the operation of locking, which is effected by one complete turn of the key, the lock bites off the head of the key and swallows it! The head of the key is bitten off—the handle is still turning in the lock—and meanwhile that marvellous little key-head goes off inside on its own particular mission, which is to impress and shape the interior mechanism after its own image. While it is doing this, its operations are covered by a hard plate of brass which has slidden over the key-hole; the external key-hole is covered! The handle of the key is still turning in the lock—the interior mechanism is still moving all its parts to the accomplishment of the desired end—and, presently, the funny little key-head, having privately fixed everything within to its own satisfaction, comes back again, and dovetails and dowels itself to the handle. The key, united again, comes out—the hard plate of brass slides again over its track—the key-hole is closed once more over the secrets of the interior—and the lock is locked! Woe, now, unto the man who, having locked up all his money in the safe, loses the key, and forgets or mislays the minutes of the particular arrangement he had made that key assume! For him there is no access to his cash through the lock. One of five million forms, the lost key bore. That one of five million forms it made the interior of the lock assume. Every one of those five million forms he must, perhaps, alter his new key to in the effort to find the one—the *sole* one—which will unbar his treasures; and this will give him work for a life-time! What can he do? Gunpowder? Gunpowder will not blow the lock off! No charge can be introduced into the interior thereof. The upper portion of the tube-shaped key-hole alone can be charged, and the explosion would no more injure *that* than it would a pistol barrel of the same size. Why, the nursery-tale of the Forty Thieves is a history in metaphor, which we have never rightly understood. The "Open Sesame" which unlocked the robbers' cave, was but a figurative term they had for one of Yale's keys. Ali Baba found it, and got in to the treasure. Mustapha had it when he got in, and locking the door behind him, lost the key, and of course, not being able to pick the lock, couldn't get out!

One droll thing about it is, that an ignorant person might lock and unlock a safe-door with it forever, and never suspect the biting off operation. How should he? He inserts a whole key, and, when the safe is locked, he takes out a whole key. How should he know that the key-head has taken itself off from the handle, gone round on its own specific labor, come back again, and united itself to its pristine handle, while he has been turning his hand at the locking?

Then, again, the lock is entirely *springless*. There are no springs for rust or dirt to clog and render inoperative. And every movement of the lock is *arbitrary*, and must take place if you turn the key. A Protean key and a Protean lock each capable of five million of changes! A key and a lock which are the burglar's despair!

After all the most substantial testimony in favor of this lock is in the fact of its adoption by a number of the largest banks and insurance offices in the country. The United States Mint here at Philadelphia has it. The United States Custom Houses at Pittsburg, Bangor, Wilmington, Norfolk, Newport, St. Louis, and other places, all have it. The Treasury Department at Washington locks its vaults with it. And, of course, our beloved Uncle Samuel, and all his nephews as well, know what kind of an invention will best secure their hoarded dollars from the thieves that break in—*break* in, mark you!—and steal!

We have given the invention a somewhat extended notice, first, because in our capacity as journalist, we feel bound to let the public know what talented men, like Mr. Yale, do for the public's benefit; and secondly, because this is a recent fruit of American ingenuity, and we confess to a share of the justifiable national pride in all things that add to the credit of this, as they would elsewhere to the credit of any country.

MADAME LAGRANGE'S CONCERT

Madame Lagrange and Mr. Gottschalk gave another concert in Philadelphia, on Thursday evening, at which we were present. Mr. Gottschalk's handling of the piano fully justified his achieved laurels. He is certainly a master of his instrument. We regret, of course, that his ideal limits him to the display of his marvellous power of instrumentation, rather than to the accomplishment of that august poetic effect which it is the office of the truest music to excite in the soul. It is a prevalent mistake with most musicians. Their art has no aim beyond its own exhibition. Dryden sings of old Timotheus that his music "raised a mortal to the skies." Who among our modern performers has, or aims to have, the same power? No tinkling of piano strings however brilliant—no intricacy of mazy melody ringing from the restless keys—no display of mere executive musical capacity—can compensate for the lack of that solemn ecstacy of harmony which makes us forget the cause of the music in the music itself—nay, more, which makes us forget the music in the melodious thoughts and emotions the music brings. We make no special complaint of Mr. Gottschalk; he has mastership in his art as far as his art goes. But we complain of the school to which he belongs—a school which has few dissenters, and against which few utter any protest—whose melody is for the tickling of the ears and not for the touching of the heart.

The same things might be said of the pieces selected by Madame Lagrange for the display of her fine voice—pieces which no doubt require precisely the treatment she gave them. We liked her most in Mozart's "Batti-batti,"—from *Giovanni*—which is sumptuous music, and was superbly sung. The prevailing character of nearly all the rest was its scientific difficulty. To surmount this difficulty—to astonish the audience by a mere triumph of vocalization—was the aim, and the aim was triumphantly accomplished, of course. But is it the mission of music merely to exhibit the capacities and capabilities and magic tones of a fine voice? Is it not rather the mission of the fine voice to lend all its powers to the exaltation and exhibition of music true and grand enough to be worthy of exhibition and exaltation? Why choose the wrong end of the horn? Why sacrifice the art to the artist—the triumphs of melody to the victories of vocalization?

Since we are in the critical mood, let us make one criticism which we are sure Madame Lagrange and Mr. Gottschalk, and all other artists, will endorse. The proposed stricture relates to the thoughtless custom of the *encore*. The lady and gentleman in mention, both suffered this courtesy several times last Thursday evening. Our audiences doubtlessly account the custom a kindness. It certainly is a tribute to the artist. But if people realized what a severe tax it also is to the singer to be called upon to repeat a difficult and exhausting vocal effort, they would think it a custom more honored in the breach than in the observance. We believe that at the Italian Opera Houses the *encore* is prohibited by law. The Government will not let its singers be killed with kindness. Let the favorites be recalled to the stage—let them be applauded till the walls ring—let them be showered with a profusion of flowers, unequalled since the days when the Roman Heliogabalus smothered his dear friends with a dropping deluge of roses—but, no *encore!*

MASONIC SIGNS.—In a book published in France, in 1616, occurs a passage, of which the following is a translation:

"A falconer in Paris seized a stick to beat his servant, who had offended him. This noting to the servant's mind, he fled, plunged into the Seine, and swam across. When half way across he turned around in the water, and, putting his thumb to his cheek, moved his hand like a wing and made grimaces at his master."

We take the above from an exchange. But the vulgar gesture it mentions was practiced at a much earlier date. We remember in Hogarth's print of "The Election," one of the figures with his thumb to his nose, performing the digital gyration. In Rabelais' "Gargantua" there is an elaborate account of the same gesture, and of several others of a similar nature. And, if we remember rightly, Dante describes one of his damned souls in the Inferno, as outwitting a devil, and making this motion as a sign of derision. This last-mentioned instance makes the practice date as far back as the twelfth century.

THE BABES IN THE WOOD.—A pitiable incident is related in the Johnstown (Pa.) *Echo* of May 14th. Two boys of Mr. Samuel Cox, of Bedford County, in this State, one of them five, and the other seven years old, about three weeks since, followed their father, who had gone a gunning, into the woods, and lost their way. Mr. Cox dwells on the edge of a dense mountain forest, near the line of Bedford and Cambria counties. Hundreds of men, day after day, and night after night, traversed this forest, searching for the little wanderers. The quest was vain until the fifteenth day, when the poor children were found, side by side, dead. Their unfortunate mother, it is said, has lost her reason.

NEW EDITION OF THE BIBLE.—The edition of the Old and New Testaments in separate volumes, now being published by the Rev. T. H. Stockton, of Baltimore, is worthy the attention of the public. It is proposed to issue sixty-six volumes—the matter not being split up into texts, but with the numbers of the texts noted on the margin. This edition is not intended to supersede the old form, but to afford the Scriptures in a more convenient shape for hand reading. Mr. Stockton is also publishing a series of "Bible Tracts," and "The Bible Times," a monthly paper.

THE QUAKER CITY.—We omitted to state in our notice of this paper, that it will be a purely literary one. Its Ladies' Department will be under the control of Clara May.

AMERICAN SUNDAY SCHOOL UNION.—The thirty-second anniversary of this Institution was held in this city on the 13th inst. The Hon. Chief Justice Green, of New Jersey, presided. The receipts for the year were reported at $252,143 17. The expenditures at $252,060 21.

MARGARET MAITLAND OF SUNNYSIDE. By MRS. OLIPHANT, author of "Zaidee." G. P. Putnam, New York.

Every one remembers "Zaidee"—a book very widely read and highly praised in reading circles last year. The common question then was—"Have you read 'Zaidee?'" "Margaret Maitland," by the same author, has the same merit. It is a Scottish story, is autobiographical in form, and written with much beauty and pathos.

CYRILLA: A Romance. By the author of "Initials." Garrett & Co., New York. For sale by T. B. Peterson, Philadelphia.

A sombre and tragical novel, translated from the German, and brimfull of Germanesque gloom and sorrow. It is written with power, but needs to be read "skippingly." In other words, it has tedious chapters.

IOWA.

CEDAR TOWNSHIP, Johnson Co., Iowa, April 22, 1856.

Messrs. Editors of the Philada. Sat. Eve. Post:

—As spring has now fairly set in, and vast numbers are directing their steps westward in search of new residences, it may both be interesting and opportune to furnish your numerous readers with a short description of that part of the country from whence this communication is dated, for doubtless every one is anxious to employ the means they possess in securing for themselves a comfortable home. I have travelled over many thousand miles of this country, and without wishing to prejudice, or disparage other parts, I must say that Iowa has my decided preference. The land is extremely prolific, gently undulating, and well watered; in this respect it is truly admirable—in every direction small streamlets of the purest water flow like so many life arteries in animal bodies, while here and there, at convenient distances, groves of trees are dotted all over the land. If nature has not exceeded herself, she certainly appears in her loveliest aspect in this beautiful part of the country. The price of land is of course an important consideration with many—and when the quality of land, and other conveniences to which I shall presently advert are taken into consideration, it will probably appear lower than many eastern people suppose it to be.

I live nine miles north-east of Iowa City, the capital of the State. Here unimproved land may be bought from four to six dollars per acre—land of the finest quality adjoining the main roads, and combining the advantages of having both timber and water, may be bought at the latter sum. Improved farms may be bought at twenty dollars per acre—while others partly improved, may be bought for considerably less according to the improvements on them. There are plenty of grist mills in this neighborhood, and no less than six or seven steam saw mills within a distance of five miles from my residence. There is now a railway direct from Iowa City to New York, which brings that great emporium within four days of our market; and the Mississippi, which rolls the produce of our State to all the great markets of the South.

The prices of agricultural produce fluctuate here as elsewhere; at present wheat is $1 per bushel, corn 30 cents; butter 30 cents per pound, eggs 1 cent each; pork 5 and 6 cents per pound. [illegible] that can be procured. The merchants in Iowa City are always ready to take any amount at current prices—so that parties intending to settle about here need be under no apprehension as to the disposal of their produce. As regards the weather, I expect the late severe winter has been less rigorous here than in many other parts, as may be known from the fact of my having kept at work all winter without losing a day. It appears to be a fine, salubrious climate, for such is the uninterrupted good health of the people, that doctors have to combine some other calling with their medical professions to eke out a living in the metropolis of the State. It is therefore for intending emigrants to judge for themselves, whether it would not be better for them to give a little more for land where they are certain of good markets, a healthy country, and every other convenience to which human efforts can be applied, or to wander almost beyond the confines of civilization, and after employing their utmost exertion for years scarcely be surrounded by the semblance of comfort, or anything to make life endurable.

If happiness is the pursuit of all, and I believe that is the object most people are striving to attain, I will venture to assert, that few indeed would sacrifice that to the empty sound of possessing a few more acres of land in some remote part, which could not be made available either for comfort or pecuniary advantage for years to come. I cordially recommend parties who wish to emigrate, before going further west, to visit the State of Iowa, and especially the country adjacent to Iowa City; for I do not hesitate to say that farming land, sites for building, and everything useful to which nature has contributed so lavishly, will be found there, which may be sought for elsewhere in vain.

I am sir, your obedient servant,
JOSEPH DICKENSON.

☞ P. B. Barnum pronounces the letter lately published as from Jenny Lind, in relation to his pecuniary troubles, a forgery.

☞ Neatness may be carried to excess. Mr. Slasher is devoted to whitewash. On taking a house in the country he whitewashed the trunks of all the trees, affirming that it gave them a nicer appearance. He was next proceeding to improve the hollyhocks in the same style, when Mrs. S. dragged him away by the coat-tail, declaring that she had borne a good deal, but she couldn't stand that.

☞ The Dayton Gazette, in a recent number, told an affecting story of a farmer who, while selling a load of wheat at a dollar a bushel in that city, burst into tears. The owner of the mill was touched, and kindly inquired the cause of his grief. "Sympathy" was too much for him, and, bursting into a tremendous boo-hoo," he replied, "My son John could have got a dollar and seventy-five cents a bushel for this very wheat two months ago."

☞ A Spaniard sent his son to the University of Salamanca, and told him to study economy, and eat beef rather than poultry. On arriving, the young gentleman asked the price of a cow. "About twenty dollars." "And partridges." "Twenty-five cents." "I must live on partridges," said he, "they are decidedly the cheaper of the two."

☞ ENAMORED WRITING-MASTER TO A YOUNG LADY PUPIL.—I can teach you nothing; your *hand* is already a very desirable one, and your I's (eyes) are the most beautiful I ever saw.

☞ Last year the slaves in Charleston contributed $15,000 to benevolent purposes, and a convention of colored clergymen is in session at Cincinnati.

Life in Paris.

PARIS ON A SUNNY DAY—VEGETABLE CURIOSITIES—RATIFICATON OF THE TREATY—EXILE AND POVERTY—THE EMPIRE AND ITS HISTORIAN—A MARVELLOUS COSMETIC—IMPERIAL MUNIFICENCE—THE POETRY OF WORSTED—A DYNASTIC DOWNFALL—THE POPE IN A QUANDARY—A BRILLIANT MISSION—A CURIOUS SALE—A LITERARY MISTAKE AND A POLITICAL DITTO—A PROMISED REVELATION—A COURAGEOUS TRAVELLER.

PARIS, April 28, 1856.

Mr. Editor of the Post:

After coquetting with us for some weeks, now coaxing out the blossoms with treacherous sunshine, now freezing them with the adverse rays of the *lune rousse*, Spring seems to have determined at last to give us the full benefit of her smiles; and Paris, to whose existence sunshine is an essential requisite, is basking in a succession of glorious days that are sending her richer children to their summer *chateaux* in the country; and bringing even her poorest out into the fresh air of the gardens and suburbs. Neither pen nor pencil could do justice to the brilliance of this gay city on the return of fine weather. The crowds of elegantly-dressed people that fill the pavements, loitering past the resplendent marvels of the shop-windows, or watching the continuous roll of gay equipages that pass and re-pass in the middle of the street; the army of nurses with babies, who are never, by any chance, heard to cry in a crowd, but take to the society of their fellow-creatures as naturally as young fishes to the water; the jauntily-dressed children, *en route* for a good morning's play in the wide avenues and green groves of the Tuileries, under the guardianship of mammas and *bonnes* carrying their embroidery or crotchet-work in the daintiest of reticules; the lemonade-sellers; the vendors of every imaginable article by the way-side; the passage of troops, with trumpeter at their head, and groups of *Zouaves* out for a holiday; foreigners of every complexion, and peasant-women from the remote provinces with the most astounding structures of starched and embroidered muslin upon their heads; the motley and moving crowd of walkers, and the scarcely less numerous body of lookers-on that sit at the doors of the *cafes* to watch the human tide as it rolls by, drinking coffee, lemonade, or liqueurs at little tables placed on the pavement, all so intensely "wide-awake," and looking as though they had no other business in life but that of amusing themselves; and above all, the brilliant blue sky, and the floods of golden sunshine bathing the long white streets and stately buildings all conspire to give to this favorite capital an aspect peculiarly its own, and one which it is impossible to describe. The profusion of flowers, too, is something astounding. Besides the daily displays at the flower-markets,—by no means the least curious spectacle to be seen in Paris—flower-women assail you with proffered bouquets at every corner, and the streets are occupied by an army of devoted servitors of Flora trundling hand-carts filled with enormous bundles of wall-flowers, gillies, cowslips, hyacinths, narcissus, rose-buds, hearts'-ease and ranunculas, and lilies of the valley, from each of which they select you a stem or two, making you up a very respectable posey for a very few sous. These hand-carts, as they pass along, send a breath of perfume through the streets, and form a very important feature in the physiognomy of the capital. A month hence the place of the flowers will be occupied by baskets of strawberries; that favorite fruit at present being to be found only in the restaurants and the grandest of the fruit-shops, where it is sold in tiny pots of common red-brick clay, at fabulous prices.

Fruit and flowers are two of the native, spontaneous passions inherent in the heart of every true-born Parisian. The annual trade in the latter constitutes a very important branch of its internal commerce, the sale of flowers in pots and bouquets, in the five great flower markets of the capital, amounting to 4,500,000 francs yearly; that of the flower-shops and peripatetic venders of rose-bushes to 1,500,000; and that of bouquets of rose buds and violets to 3,000,000; making a total of 9,000,000 of francs yearly expended on these frail and perishable beauties in the city of Paris alone.

The French nursery-gardeners have arrived at great perfection in dwarfing flowering-plants and bushes, after the manner of their brethren of the Celestial Empire. They contrive to make a lilac-bush of less than a foot in height and small in proportion, put forth the whole force of its little soul in magnificent bunches of blossom; and have the knack of persuading a mite of a rose-bush, scarcely four inches high, to cover itself with some thirty or forty flowers; and so on. These miniature shrubs, fit for Titania's flower-garden, (if she have one!) are excessively pretty; and seem to be perfectly healthy. Vines and cherry trees are also dwarfed in the same way, and are covered with fruit from root to top. The delight of the children in these beautiful little fruit-laden productions is of course very great; nor are "children of a larger growth" insensible to their attractions. They are, however, much too costly for the common run of purses; and are principally in demand for ornamenting the dinner-table and sideboard of the rich on very grand occasions.

At a dinner given at Chevet's, just before the war broke out, by a Russian Prince, equally renowned for his wealth and gastronomic achievements, to a little knot of friends who were his rivals at least in the latter qualification, the dessert (it was mid-winter) was composed almost entirely of a great variety of fruits growing on dwarf espaliers which were placed, standing in silver tubs, upon the table. Besides pines, grapes and cherries thus served, a pot, containing a strawberry-plant laden with fruit, perfectly ripe, like all the rest, was placed before each guest. The cost of this dinner was something fabulous; but the Amphytrion owed the repast to his cronies in payment of a wager lost by him, and was quite willing to pay "the debt of honor" handsomely.

The *Moniteur* of this morning states that the ratifications of the Treaty of Peace were exchanged yesterday, at 3 P. M., at the Ministry of Foreign Affairs, and announces the publication of the text of the Treaty and of the protocols, in the *Moniteur* of to-morrow.

While awaiting the publication of the text of the Treaty, the event of the week has been the appearance of Victor Hugo's new volumes, published at Brussels, and offered for sale in all the book shops of Paris. These two new volumes contain more lines than all his previous poems together; and also, in the judgment of his admirers, surpass their predecessors in beauty, tenderness and grace. The tragic fate of his daughter, a beautiful creature of sixteen, and just married, who, with her husband, was drowned by the upsetting of their little skiff one evening on the Seine, at Villequier, where the poet was spending the summer surrounded by his family, has given an intensity of sadness to the latter half of these poems, written since the melancholy occurrence, that will probably make them less acceptable to many readers; but nothing can be finer in their way than these pensive and sombre reveries of the poet, the father and the exile.

The friends of Lamartine, whose poverty is felt to be almost a national humiliation, have organized a committee with a view to collecting a larger subscription-list to the *Cours Familier de Litterature*, a new work by Lamartine, now coming out in monthly parts, and on whose success the poet, whose genius has added new lustre to the intellectual glory of his country, the statesman whose hands remained so pure from the dross of power, is dependant for bread. This committee contains the names of several distinguished literary men, who, to their honor be it known, though opposed to the political sentiments of the republican leader, are none the less warm admirers of the genius of the poet, and the character of the man. Are there, on your side of the water, none whose interest in this magnificent writer and noble man is sufficiently warm to induce them to subscribe to this new work, which could be easily obtained through any importing bookseller, and for which the entire price is somewhere near four dollars and a half?

The collection of autographic letters and other documents from the pen of Napoleon I., now being made by the French Government, is going on rapidly; and so successful has been the search after these relics of the great conqueror, that the mass already got together will suffice to fill an immense number of volumes. It is stated that the perusal of these documents will throw much light on the secret intentions and feelings of their author, as well as on the events of his history; the most striking feature about them being the ever-present conviction, evident in everything he wrote, that he was merely the agent of some occult power, and obeyed, in every act of his life, a "mission" imposed upon him by a will superior to his own, and from which he could not escape.

A writer in the *Independance Belge* having taken it upon himself to assert that M. Thiers had been heard to declare that "such was the importance of the new material thus placed within reach of the historian, that he should be obliged to re-write the greater portion of his *History of the Consulate and the Empire*, the historian has contradicted the report in a letter to the journal in question, in which he states that he "has had for the last twenty years, free access to every paper, letter, and document now for the first time collected in the hands of the Government, and consequently has nothing to learn or unlearn, from the collection in question."

Among other curious documents recently brought to light by the researches of those especially addicted to these matters, it is stated in a recent number of the *Moniteur* that an authentic letter of the celebrated Italian doctor, Fortunio Liceti, (one of the great lights of the seventeenth century,) addressed to the famous beauty, Ninon de L'Enclos, and containing the recipe of a marvellous cosmetic, has just been discovered in a sale of autographs. This letter is dated August 4, 1646—Ninon was then in her thirtieth year, and destined to make havoc of all the hearts that approached her for forty years more!—and in it, Liceti, evidently in answer to a previous demand on her part, gives her the recipe of a certain ointment which he calls *Rugiada del viso*, or *Dew for the Visage*. He tells her that he found this recipe, which he considers as infallible, in some rare eastern manuscript. Without attempting to settle the question as to whether Ninon may have owed to this ointment the marvellous preservation of a beauty which subjugated nearly all the greatest men of her century, from the great Conde, the Duke of La Rochefoucauld, and Marshal d'Estrees, to Voltaire and Saint-Goremont, I must add, for the benefit of your lady readers, that the recipe in question is now in the hands of one of the most skillful chemists of Paris, and that the wonderful compound will soon be offered for sale in a new shop to be opened especially for the article.

The Emperor is very fond of making presents. Not only has he made magnificent gifts to the Plenipotentiaries who have just completed the task of drawing up the Treaty of Peace, but every person connected with the Court at the period of the birth of the Imperial baby, from the greatest officer of the household and the attendant physicians to the most infinitesimal scullery-boy attached to the Imperial kitchen, has received, in the upper regions, splendid presents, in the lower, a year's double wages. The Duke of Alba, the Empress's brother in-law, who was employed by the Queen of Spain, to present to the baby the collar of the Golden Fleece, has received from the Emperor two superb vases from Sevres, and a carpet from the unrivalled looms of the Savonnerie, now incorporated with the establishment of the Gobelins.

These carpets, like all the products of that institution, are the very poetry of worsted; being, in fact, magnificent pictures, done in wool, with an execution as finished and harmonious as that of the brush. The central ornament generally consists of a landscape, set in a rich arabesque border, which encloses it like a frame; beyond this border, the ground of the carpet, usually of uniform tint, is diversified with medallions containing birds, flowers, fruit, &c., and a rich tracery of arabesque enclosing and uniting all the details of the design into an harmonious whole. A superb border of flowers and foliage, classical heads, shells, musical instruments, &c., combined the utmost grace and skill, surrounds the whole.—These carpets are often fifty or sixty feet square; and are always woven in a single piece. The pile is somewhat over an inch thick, sheared off by machinery to the smoothness of velvet.

At Aubusson, these beautiful fabrics are very well imitated by machinery, and sell for less than a tithe of the costly products of the Gobelins.

The Emperor has just decreed that the same military honors as are paid to himself and the Empress are to be rendered to the Imperial baby, "whenever the occasion presents itself;" that is to say, that his tiny High Mightiness cannot stir out of doors in his nurse's arms without his poor little ears being deafened with the sound of the trumpet, as well as his eyes being astonished by the presentation of arms, as often as he passes in the neighborhood of the wearers of the red pantaloons. The nurse, it is said, fell flat on her back not long ago, in passing across the polished floors, to which her rustic feet are probably but little accustomed; luckily the baby was not hurt, though his nurse was, and horribly frightened into the bargain.

A pretty sharp game of "diamond cut diamond" is going on between the Emperor, who is determined to have the baby christened by the Pope, and the Cardinals, who are in an agony of anxiety to prevent his Holiness—weak, but well-intentioned, and on whom they dread the liberalizing effect of a journey to Paris—from yielding to the invitations addressed to him by the Emperor. But the latter has a marvellous knack of having his own way; and if he really wants the Pope to come here, as is believed, one would scarcely risk much in betting upon his arrival. Meantime the grand carriages, all gilding, glass, and white satin, prepared for the Coronation, have just been taken out of their repositories at Trianon, and trotted up and down the streets of Versailles, apparently to judge of their effect. They are to be used at the approaching baptism.

Rumor still attributes to the Emperor the intention of passing over to Algeria, and naturally infers that he will seize that opportunity of erecting the colony into a kingdom, to furnish a royal title for his son. The toast to the arrival of the Emperor recently offered at a grand banquet at Constantine, by the Governor-General, would seem to put an end to all doubt as to its being the intention of his Majesty to bless the colony with the light of his Imperial countenance. Count de Morny, his brother, is to represent the Court of France at the coronation of the Emperor of Russia. One of the finest palaces in St. Petersburg has been hired for him and his suite, which will be very numerous. As he is to display a splendor unequalled by all former Ambassadors, a credit of $250,000 has been allowed him for that purpose, and it is rumored that some new and magnificent title will also be bestowed upon him on that occasion, in exchange for his modest title of Count, which, however, has not prevented him from acquiring, during the last four years, by speculating in the funds, a fortune of some five millions of dollars.

The sale of the furniture and effects of one of the fairest and frailest of the actresses of this city, who is going to St. Petersburg to seek her fortune, is now going on. The day her rooms were on view all Paris crowded to see them; but the sale has been entirely abandoned to the extensive sisterhood of the actress, who were determined to buy up her effects at any price, and have paid such extravagant sums for the same that the very brokers who usually buy so largely on these occasions have been compelled to give

sides of the hut, into which the white maiden presently carried, and placed upon a couch soft furs that occupied a corner. Here, in t light of the torch, she had opportunity to e amine closely the appearance of the two, wh singular attentions began to inspire her with w der, if not with fear.

The Indian, in whose arms she had been bo so many miles, was a man of heavy frame, bro chested, and erect as a mountain-pine. His a and breast were decorated with painted figu and ornaments, and rows of wampum string h about his neck, denoting that he was a chie rank. Buskins of deer-skin defended his and legs, and a tunic of some fibrous mate stained with various colors, and sewn with w pum, depended from his waist, over which usu ly was worn the blanket, with which he covered Marie, and which he now held in hand. The chieftain's forehead was broad high, though disfigured by a streak of crim paint, blotches of which likewise stained cheeks. Above the forehead, the head was b save where a tuft of black hair was gathered the top of the skull, and bound with wamp out of which rose a bunch of eagle's feath To the eyes of Marie the chief appeared to

the Seine has just ordered the project to be given up. The money collected, it is to be supposed, will be returned to the donors. It is amazing that the Emperor's keenness did not foresee the effects of this injudicious measure, and nip the plan in the bud.

M. Brocchiere, inventor of the lotion which bears his name, and so valuable an agent in arresting sanguineous discharges, is recently deceased. During his lifetime he pertinaceously refused to reveal his secret, and preferred to let himself be twice sentenced by the civil tribunals for the offence of "distributing unauthorized remedies." By his will he leaves a fortune of $250,000 to his young widow, with a request that she will communicate the secret to the Faculty of Medicine.

The celebrated traveller, Madame Ida Pfeiffer, who has been spending some time in Berlin, has been received at Court with great distinction. A short time since she was invited to a meeting of the Royal Geographical Society of that city, at which a part of the Royal Family was present. She was conducted to a seat of honor that had been prepared for her, and the illustrious geographer, Ritter, then delivered an address in which he enumerated the important results achieved by the extensive travels of this learned and courageous woman in the department of geographical science. Madame Pfeiffer is about to sail for Madagascar, which she is bent upon exploring, despite the terrible influence of its climate, so generally fatal to Europeans. On her way thither she will pass through Lisbon, where two of her sons reside. QUANTUM.

Letters from England

A WEEK OF REVIEWS—THE PAVILION AND CAMP GROUND AT ALDERSHOTT—REVIEW AT COLCHESTER—THE BRITISH ARMADA OFF SPITHEAD—THE MILITARY HOSPITALS—PREPARATIONS FOR PYROTECHNIC DISPLAYS.

LONDON, April 25, 1856.

Messrs. Deacon & Peterson:—The past week has proved a very busy one alike for the Queen and for her liege subjects. Every day witnessed the arrival of ships, of troops, and of invalids from the Crimea, and the return of the army and fleet, has given occasion for several brilliant and interesting reviews.

On Saturday, the 19th, the Queen and Prince Albert attended a grand parade inspection of 18,000 men, assembled at the Military Station at Aldershott, the spectacle consisting of a review, and a sham battle between two portions of the troops. The Queen left London with her suite on Friday afternoon, and reaching Aldershott, spent the night in the camp, occupying the Pavilion, a building erected for the use of the royal family, the external appearance of which is usually described as, "bold, cold and ugly in the extreme." It is built entirely of wood, and occupies three sides of a square. The entrance is from the south, and on the ground floor is a breakfast-room, sitting-room, good sized dining room, and saloon. The upper rooms are all used as bed-chambers and dressing-rooms for the royal family. The two wings are for the noblemen and ladies in attendance. The walls and ceilings of the different apartments are all formed by canvas, stretched on frames, and covered with paper of the cheapest description, such as you might find in the bed-rooms of families of very limited income. The furniture also is of that somewhat shabby kind that may be seen in boarding-houses and old dining-rooms, and is suggestive of dust, desolation, grimy windows and crowded streets, rather than of the presence of royalty.

The carpets of the rooms alone are rich and good; the mantlepieces are mean, narrow, and wooden like the rest of the structure. Rats and mice infect every room to an extraordinary extent, and have even nibbled their way through the walls and ceilings of many of the rooms. Of the views to be obtained from the windows of the Pavilion too little cannot be said. On every side extends a waste boggy moor, dreary and repellant in aspect; in the distance are the black huts of the camp, and in the foreground the long, narrow piece of muddy water called the Basingstoke Canal, into which drain the waters of the surrounding bogs, glad to escape from the miserable region of Aldershott. In a little hollow near to the Pavilion are the kitchen and offices for the royal attendants. Some more genial influence seems to have presided over the erection, for though not got up regardless of expense, they are yet, of their kind, infinitely superior to the queer looking building, half barrack, half stable, devoted to the use of the Queen. Without being of unnecessary extent they are amply commodious, built of brick, and fitted up with ranges, boilers, ovens, and all modern conveniences.

But though the site of the camp at Aldershott is upon ordinary occasions of so unattractive an aspect, it presented upon this day a very lively appearance, and the low hills and dreary moor, gave a peculiar picturesqueness to the bright regiments of the soldiers, and the gay dresses and equipages of the spectators.

The Queen, mounted on a powerful bay horse, with richly ornamented saddlecloth and housings, was dressed in a dark riding habit, with the ribbon of the Order of the Garter, and the gold sash of a general officer across the breast, and on her head a small riding-hat, with a plume of red and white feathers. She was attended by Prince Albert and the Duke of Cambridge in their uniforms as general officers, and followed by the two eldest Princesses in an open phaeton, and a group of officers in full regimentals.

The regiments all turned out at ten o'clock in the morning; and after inspection by their officers, they marched three miles over the wild, rough moorland to "Julius Cæsar's Camp," an old Roman camp still in good preservation, situated upon a broad bluff eminence of considerable height and extent. This old relict of the former conquerors of the land, is from forty to forty-five acres in extent, and enclosed by a double ditch; in some parts its sides are so deep as to be almost precipitous, and the banks are as well defined as if dug within the last 20 years.

Upon this encampment they received the Royal party; the 18,000 men all presenting arms and lowering their colors as the Queen approached, while the military bands performed the national anthem. The Queen rode leisurely along the whole line—extending more than half a mile—carefully inspecting every regiment, and bestowing upon each expressions of admiration and approval.

The Royal party then dismounting, took up a position at some little distance from the army, and the mimic fight commenced. After skirmishes and assaults, terrific discharges of musketry, fearful volleys from empty cannon, marches, countermarches and evolutions, all of which the Queen and her party followed on foot, up hill and down dale; the battle came to an end amid dense clouds of smoke, and out of the midst of it issued the 18,000 troops, conquerors and conquered, dead and wounded, alike in excellent spirits, and forming into a long line of open columns of the different companies, they marched once more before her Majesty, who, after again expressing her admiration and delight at the brilliant spectacle, returned to a hearty lunch in the wooden pavilion.

On Monday Prince Albert attended another Review of the troops stationed at Colchester, and on Wednesday a grand Naval Review took place at Portsmouth, of the magnificent fleet constructed principally for the Russian war, but destined, it is to be hoped, for more peaceful service.

So splendid a spectacle has rarely been presented upon any shore, as that afforded by the fleet at Spithead on the 23rd of April. Twelve miles of vessels and steamers, in perfect order and covered with flags to the water's edge. In

ing 3,402 guns, propelled by 30,671 horse-power, and manned by upwards of 30,000 seamen.

During the whole of the day previous to the review, an immense concourse of spectators poured into Portsmouth and the neighboring towns, from every part of the island, and France also contributed large deputations, to witness the magnificent spectacle afforded by the fleet of her Allies. It soon became impossible to furnish accommodations for the night. The price of a bed went up as high as £15, and it then became impossible to procure one at any sum, and the night (fortunately a fine one) was spent by many wandering through the streets or on the ocean shore.

A great number of additional spectators left London at four o'clock next morning, and extra trains were furnished at that hour to convey the Queen and her Suite, her Ministers and Officers, and the Foreign Officials. The weather was unusually favorable, calm, cloudless, and serene, and the splendid fleet lay mirrored upon the bosom of the Solent beneath a clear blue sky. Towering battle ships, nimble gunboats, of the red, white, the blue, and the light squadrons, frigates, corvettes, and huge, heavy floating batteries, all gaily painted and decked with innumerable banners. The beautiful spectacle called forth continuous cheering from the vast crowd collecting upon the shore, and on the arrival at 12 o'clock of the London trains, the review commenced. The mass of vessels forming a long line sailed past in succession, and then gathering together, commenced a tremendous assault upon a fortress in the neighborhood of Portsmouth, which they took with a marvellous expenditure of gunpowder, and a tremendous noise and smoke. But the most beautiful part of the spectacle was an unexpected illumination which took place at 9 o'clock at night after the greater number of the spectators had departed for their distant homes. When all was still and silent, suddenly at the firing of the evening gun, every ship burst into a blaze of light, every yard-arm and every port-hole illuminated with blue lights, extending from the water's edge to the summit of the highest mast, in sparkling succession. The inhabitants of Portsmouth and the visitors still lingering on the shore, welcomed the magic transformation with renewed and enthusiastic cheering, which was echoed back again with redoubled interest from the boats floating upon the water. And so ended a magnificent and memorable review.

Meanwhile, the Queen has also been holding inspections of rather a different character, at the Military Hospitals at which the sick and wounded soldiers from the Crimea are constantly arriving. The usual hospital accommodations proving insufficient, one side of the Barrack Square at Bromptons has also been fitted up for their accommodation. Here the Queen found 396 of the convalescents drawn up to receive her, most of them wearing Crimean medals, some with as many as four clasps, to show the different engagements in which they had taken part, and each holding in his hand a card, on which was written his regiment, length of service, the nature of his wounds, and how received.

The Queen then proceeded to the hospital to visit those still more severely injured, and terrible were the cases brought under her notice. Poor fellows wounded in every possible manner, awaited her in every direction. Some had lost their arms, some their feet, some an eye, a cheek bone, or a portion of the skull—one had been wounded four times in one afternoon engagement—another had received thirty-one wounds at Balaklava, and afterwards a year's imprisonment by the Russians; another miserable sufferer, wounded at Inkermann by the bursting of a shell, had been in the hospital a year, and had had thirteen pieces of his skull removed in succession by the surgeon, yet strange to say still bids fair to recover. To this one the Queen has sent a present of $50, in addition to the pension received with the medal. Her visits to the hospitals are frequent, and she manifests great sympathy and interest for the unfortunate sufferers.

Preparations are being made for a grand illumination in honor at once, of the Queen's birth-day and the treaty of peace. Displays of fire-works are to take place in Green Park, Hyde Park, Regent's Park, and on Primrose Hill; and temporary wooden buildings have been erected in the Parks in which to store the fireworks until the time of exhibition. Although the sum of £8,000 ($40,000) appropriated for the pyrotechnic display, is not more than half the amount of what is usually spent in Paris for such a purpose, it has not been granted without much grumbling and opposition, for there is beneath all the rejoicing, a deep feeling of dissatisfaction among the English at the terms upon which peace has been made, just at the time when they were so fully prepared for carrying on the war with redoubled vigor.

REPLY TO "QUERIES."

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

A correspondent in the Post of April 26th, wishes information in regard to the following queries:

1. "Whether the *seed* of the apple will produce the same kind of an apple." There is a seed to be found in the middle of the core of an apple that, it is said, will produce the same kind. The other seeds, or those usually found in apples, will not, but will produce what are termed "seedling apples," generally rather small, and will also produce new varieties. The only *certainty* is in *grafting*; and the "seedling" scions make the best stocks of any others to graft upon.

2. "What time to cut timber to make it last long." In the fall or winter, after the sap has ceased to circulate, and before it rises again.—Timber cut in the spring or summer, while the sap is moving, will generally rot easily.

3. "How to make nerve and bone liniment, British oil, and Gray's ointment." We have a recipe—of our own invention—for the first, much superior to any nerve and bone liniment we have ever known, but we are not disposed to publish or disclose it, as we wish to get some man who has capital and is disposed to embark in the business, to manufacture it, as well as some other valuable medicines we have recipes for, and which only need being *tried* by the people to insure an immense demand for them. We are not acquainted with the ingredients of which the common *nerve and bone liniment* is composed. Spirits of turpentine, spirits of camphor, and other *stimulating* ingredients generally enter largely into such articles. Gray's ointment is a patent or secret medicine, and the articles of which it is composed not known, of course. It has a large portion of *linseed oil* in it, however. The British oil is made as follows:

Oil or spirits of turpentine,	8	drachms.
Oil of flaxseed, (linseed oil)	8	"
Do. of Amber,	4	"
Do. of Juniper,	4	"
Do. of Barbadoes, (Barbadoes tar)	3	"
Seneca, American, or Rock oil,	1	"

Mix well together. For use, where but a small quantity is wanted, it is better to purchase than to make it. J. R. H.

Murray, Ky., May 1, 1856.

THEFT A PART OF DIPLOMACY.—In former times every art of ingenuity was occasionally exhausted to prevent the discovery of important public dispatches. They were wrapped round the bullets of pistols, and did the duty of wadding. They were cunningly inserted in rings, watches, swords, daggers, lockets, sticks, and riding whips; in the hollow tube of a spur, in the lining of a saddle or hat. They were sewn in clothes or boots, and even written on the wearer's linen. The inside of bulbous roots were carefully scooped out for their reception. They were inscribed on a few split beans at the bottom of a snuff-box, and even in snuff-boxes which had a false bottom. They were scratched on the stem of a feather in a horseman's cap. They were written in milk and invisible ink. Nothing that invention herself could have conceived was left untried, to guard against the violence of dishonest curiosity—and tried, too, often in vain.—*Embassies and Foreign Courts.*

WOMEN'S JUDGMENTS.—Women remark manners far more than characters. The mental force which might be compressed and pointed into a javelin, to pierce quite through a character, they splinter into tiny little darts to stick all over the features, complexion, attitude, drapery, &c. How often [says Forster,] I have entered a room with the embarrassment of feeling that all my motions, gestures, postures, dresses, &c., were critically appreciated, and self-complacently condemned; but at the same time, with the bold consciousness that the inquisition could reach no further, I have said within myself:—"My character, that is, the man, laughs at you behind this vaile; I may be the devil, for what you can tell—and you would not perceive, neither, if I were an angel of light."

☞ The annual manufactures of Boston and vicinity, and the other principal towns of Massachusetts, reach the enormous amount of three hundred millions of dollars, or one million for every working day in the year.

☞ A CHALLENGE TO DAIRYMEN.—Mr. Levi T. Wilcox states that there is in the town of Crown Point, N. Y., a cow that has had thirteen calves within the last three years, viz.: eight within the first year, two the next, and three this spring. The last five are still living. He challenges the world to beat this.

☞ Good lawyers are often bad legislators; many know perfectly well what has been established, and very imperfectly what ought to be.—*Landor.*

☞ ALTERATION OF WILLS BY PRIESTS.—Three Roman Catholic priests have lately been arraigned in Dublin for altering the wills of deceased persons, so as to fall to the possession of large estates, by defrauding the rightful heirs.

☞ PUBLIC WORSHIP IN ENGLAND.—It appears that in London, out of a population of two millions, only five hundred thousand attend any places of public worship at all. In Liverpool, only one-third of the population, about seventy thousand, attend any places of public worship.

☞ Mrs. Louis Napoleon's baby has been enrolled as one of the Grenadiers of the French Imperial Guard.

☞ No less than three companies are now simultaneously and actively engaged in railroad building in Florida.

CONGRESS.

SENATE.—On May 12th, Mr. Cass spoke at length on the Kansas question, vindicating the doctrine of squatter sovereignty. Discussing the question of the power of Congress over the Territories, he asserted that that power lay in the people there, and not in the government's ownership of the land. He criticised Mr. Douglas' report on Kansas matters, saying that it contained ideas erroneous in theory, and dangerous in practice.

On May 13th, on motion of Mr. Fish, the Secretary of War was requested to report to the Senate the estimate for the removal of the rocks at Hurlgate, New York, so as to admit the passage of vessels of war, and the largest class merchantmen, and such other aids to navigation as would render the passage safe. He gave notice that he would take an early opportunity to introduce a bill carrying out the above object.

Mr. Cass resumed and concluded his remarks of the previous day. His speech was principally devoted to denouncing the agitation of the slavery question.

On May 14th, Mr. Clayton said he had seen in the newspapers an extract purporting to be from a letter of of the British Minister at Washington, dated March 31, 1856, in which Mr. Crampton says:—"It will be within your Lordship's recollection that Mr. Clayton was informed by Sir Henry Bulwer, before the treaty of 1850 was signed, that Ruatan was, *de jure* and *de facto*, a British possession, and Mr. Clayton has on various occasions since, in conversation with me stated he considered Ruatan as much a British possession as Jamaica or any other British West India Island." Mr. Clayton denounced this statement as utterly untrue in every part, and read from other letters of Mr. Crampton admissions which contradicted the assertion of this. He furthermore said he had no knowledge of this letter's authenticity, but it had appeared in the public prints, and he was bound to consider it a genuine document until formally disavowed by Mr. Crampton.

Mr. Fish, in response to a question from Mr. Clayton, said, while he thought there was some mistake in the copy of the letter, he declared that, in the course of two interviews with Mr. Crampton, the latter stated to him that Mr. Clayton had always denied that Ruatan was a British possession.

On May 15th, the Senate received a message from the President transmitting reports from the Secretary of State, Secretary of the Navy, and Attorney-General, in reply to a resolution of the Senate in March last, and also the resolution of the House of the 8th of May, both having reference to the routes of Transit, between the Atlantic and the Pacific Oceans, through the Republics of New Grenada and Nicaragua, and to the condition of affairs in Central America.

The President speaks in his message of the paramount interest the United States have in the right of transit over the Isthmus, and in the security and protection of that line of travel. He refers to the Central American question, and after asserting how unscrupulous other nations had been in their methods for the acquisition of territory, he affirms unlawful enterprises to be contrary to the policy of this Government, and declares that he has never failed to sternly repress them whenever they have arisen. He then avows that the strifes in Nicaragua were fruitless until Castillion's party invited the assistance of a small body of American citizens who restored order by placing President Rivas in the seat of Government. He then says that his principle of action to the recognition of foreign governments does not question their source or organization, or the means by which they have been effected, but simply asks whether they are accepted by the people of the country. He assumes the government of Rivas to have been accepted by the people, and says that there was nothing to do with the minister who came bearing his commission, but to receive him. Now, another minister has appeared with credentials proving that he represents the existing government of Nicaragua, and therefore he has been received. He then enforces the propriety of his reception by urging considerations of the interest likely to accrue to this country in consequence of this measure.

The message states that a commissioner has already been despatched to the scene of the Panama affray, and suggests that more potent measures for the security of transit must be resorted to. A number of very voluminous documents relating to the Panama and Nicaragua affairs, accompanied the message.

A debate ensued in the Senate after the reading of the message, on the question of its reference to the Committee on Foreign Relations. Mr. Crittenden did not favor it. Messrs. Mason, Pratt, and Weller replied, sustaining the message.

On May 16th, a resolution was adopted directing experiments to be made at the United States Mint, with the view to detecting and preventing the unlawful deterioration of coin.

The Senate then adjourned till Monday.

On the 19th, two messages were received from the President, vetoing the bills for the improvement of the mouth of the Mississippi river, and the flats of the St. Clair river. The President returns them because he regards them as parts of a general system of internal improvements, and refers to his message of 1854, vetoing the River and Harbor bill. On motion, the consideration of the subject was postponed until Wednesday.

Mr. Sumner then commenced a speech in relation to Kansas affairs.

In the HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES on May 12th, on motion of Mr. Barbour, the President was requested to inform the House whether the United States soldiers in Kansas had been employed to arrest persons charged with violations of the supposed laws of a supposed Legislature of said Territory, assembled at the Shawnee Mission, and, if such soldiers had been so employed, to inform the House by what authority they had been so employed.

The House passed the bill for enlarging the Post Office, Court and Custom-House buildings, at Milwaukie, and the Senate bills appropriating $100,000 for deepening the flats over the St. Mary's River, Michigan, and $300,000 for keeping open the channel at the mouth of the Mississippi.

On May 13th, Mr. Jones, of Pennsylvania, replied to the remarks of his colleague, Mr. Fuller. He denied, on unquestionable authority, the allegation that Mr. Buchanan was the Chairman of the Committee which framed and reported to a meeting, held in Lancaster, in 1819, the resolutions denunciatory of the Missouri Compromise, and did not see them until printed. During Mr. Polk's administration, Mr. Buchanan proposed to extend the Missouri line to the Pacific; but, in 1850, he declared the Compromise Measures superseded that line, which construction led inevitably to the adoption the principles embodied in the Kansas Nebraska Bill.

Mr. Fuller, of Pennsylvania, gave a Democratic journal in the northern part of that State, as authority for his assertion that Mr. Buchanan reported the Lancaster resolutions denunciatory of the Missouri Compromise. It was published in 1852.

The House adopted the report of the Committee of Conference on the Deficiency Appropriation Bill, from which the appropriation of $300,000 for the construction of the Washington Aqueduct, had been stricken by the Committee.

On May 14th, Mr. Bennett, of New York, from the Committee of Public Lands, reported a bill granting a million acres of land to Florida, to aid in the construction of three railroads, embracing 500 miles, and moved the previous question. The bill was passed.

On May 15th, Mr. Knowlton offered a preamble, setting forth the difficulty which occurred at Willard's Hotel, on the 8th inst., between Mr. Herbert, a member of the House, and Thomas Keating, a waiter in that establishment, which resulted in the death of the latter by the hand of the former; that Mr. Herbert was taken before Judge Crawford, on a habeas corpus, and by him held to bail in $10,000 to answer the charge of manslaughter, and that the Constitution gives to either House power to punish its members for disorderly behaviour, and, with the concurrence of two-thirds, to expel a member, and concluding with a resolution directing the Judiciary Committee to take the matter into consideration, with power to send for persons and papers, and report to the House, at its earliest convenience, what action this body should take in the premises.

Mr. Cobb, of Georgia, objected to the introduction of the resolution, saying that no questions of privilege was involved, as was claimed by the gentleman presenting it.

Mr. Clingman objected to everything as out of order.

The Speaker in reply to several questions, said the question must be submitted to the House, whether the resolution involves a question of privilege.

Mr. Stephens moved to lay the question of the reception of the resolution as a question of privilege on the table.

Mr. Washburne, of Me., inquired if the House should do so, whether it would carry the resolution with it.

The Speaker replied affirmatively.

Mr. Washburne—Then a vote to lay on the table will be equivalent to a vote to suppress investigation.

Mr. Stephens' motion was then agreed to. Yeas 79, nays 70.

On May 16th, the House considered and passed one private bill, and adjourned till Monday.

☞ THE ACME OF HUMAN VANITY.—The acme of human vanity and fruitless labor is found in a manuscript in one of the Lincoln cathedral muniment rooms. It is about three centuries old, and the writer has occupied a dozen folio pages of vellum in tracing his direct descent from Adam.

GLANCES AT MY LAST CRUISE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY A U. S. NAVAL OFFICER.

Striking the Whale.

One of the most interesting scenes that I ever witnessed came off in the port of Ayan, Eastern Siberia, on a clear summer day, while not a breath of air was abroad to darken the bright, smooth surface of the Ochotsk sea with the wayward cat's-paw, or to disturb the motionless fog-banks which hung around the horizon to seaward. The summer was that of 1855, and the "Old John Hancock," that deformed offspring of Old Fogyism's prolific brain in its last stage of dilapidation, having, through the direct interposition of a merciful Providence, been enabled to limp along thus far on her interminable cruise, had cast her anchor in the half-sheltered harbor above mentioned, there to remain until we should have surveyed and sounded out its unknown formation.

Very few persons are aware of the existence of such a place as Ayan, whalers and Russians excepted; and it may, therefore, be proper to devote a few lines to it before we come to the *whale* part of the story. Hereafter I contemplate devoting an entire letter to that out-of-the-way settlement of the Russian Fur Company, and will at present, therefore, only remark that it is situated on the west shore of the sea of Ochotsk, about equidistant from the mouth of the Amour river and the larger town of Ochotsk; that its latitude is near 56 deg. N., its longitude about 138 deg. E.; that it is inhabited by Russians, surrounded by the Tongoun tribe of Indians, and that it is frequently visited by whaling ships, annually by the ships of the Company, and seldom or never by any other. And now to return to our interesting scene.

We had been at anchor three days, the data for the harbor chart was all on our field books, and the next morning's unpleasantly early sun was to see us underway for the mouth of the river Amour. During these three days we had worked hard in our boats with sextant and lead-line, and during the three nights still harder at the Russian Governor's table with knife and fork. In fact, we had been almost feasted to death by those fraternizing Northmen, and had determined to remain on board this day at least to repair damages, and recover from the effects of their over-done hospitality and roast beef.

They were a glorious set of fellows, those very Russians; strong framed, large-hearted, and with astonishingly capable heads and stomachs, if one might judge from the quantity of wine and viands which they destroyed at most frequent and outlandish periods. They would drink three or four wine-glasses of raw gin or whiskey before each meal—calling it by the modest combination of "taking twenty drops"—and raise their brows in surprise at our remarkable abstinence, we only indulging in one glassfull. They would eat an ordinary meal just before each regular repast, calling it by the simple expression of "getting ready"—and accuse us of not liking some particular dish simply from the fact of our slackening up after having already eaten as much as two ordinary *men* before it was brought on the table. In short, they were men who could eat, drink, and keep late hours, without experiencing any of those annoying results which too often present themselves in the shape of nightmare, unpleasant pains about half-way between one's head and heels, &c., &c.; and such being their powers of endurance, they had no idea of letting us recover quietly in our rooms from the effects of the previous night's supper, which, as they stated, they were to lose our company for good the next day. They therefore came off to the ship in a body, and had pretty well persuaded some of the more seasoned of the mess to return with them to a dinner at four, to be followed by a supper at ten, when a cry was raised on deck that a school of whales was entering the harbor, and that the whale ships were all lowering their boats preparatory to commencing work. There were some seven of these ships, all Americans, and each one being manned with not less than four boats; hence the sport promised to be amusing, and the cry of "whales in the harbor" no sooner reached us than all idea of leaving for the shore took wings to itself.

The entire party now rushed up from below—up—up—some into the rigging, some on the yards, others into the tops. Every one seeking an elevation from which to look down upon the coming contest between man and the giant of the deep—between mind and instinct.

It was curious in the extreme to watch the wary old bulls and cows as they drove the young calves into shoal water, and there left them to feed, while they themselves, from the fact of drawing too much water, were forced to remain farther out, cruising back and forth, across and about the entrance, diving under ships, lying on the surface as if sunning themselves, motionless, apparently asleep, and yet sinking suddenly like a lump of lead, dropping *perpendicularly away* from the sneaking boats, just as one of them would get close enough to make the bowman brace himself for the deadly heave. Of calves, I suppose there were some dozen or more, accompanied by an infinite number of grampus, amusing themselves in the shoal water—and there were probably as many as fifteen or twenty of the bulls and cows backing and filling in different parts of the harbor, each of the latter having one, sometimes two boats dogging his wake, or cutting across his course with silent, cat-like movements.

The harbor being quite small, the water smooth and polished, the day beautifully bright, and our positions quite elevated, we could follow most of their motions while under water nearly as well as when they swam on the surface, and the manner in which they would turn from danger was really astonishing. In their doublings they put me in mind of the fox. One old gray backed fellow, I remember in particular, who, while swimming leisurely along from a pursuing boat, suddenly turned a deep summerset without disturbing the surface water at all, and a minute later breached some three or four hundred yards directly astern. Two boats, one of which had been sneaking upon him from either bow, had evidently caused this retrograde movement.

No sooner had this old fellow's huge body breached again to view, than the three boats, who seemed to be devoting their particular attention to him alone, crept swiftly back towards him with their noiseless paddles; but while yet some distance off, his body, which had since his reappearance, floated lightly and motionless on the surface, seeming suddenly deprived of everything that was buoyant, dropped perpendicularly out of sight, leaving nothing to tell of his previous sunning process save a few curling eddies. As a round shot would have sank, so sank he from the eyes of his pursuers, and when next seen was pretty well in with the calves and grampus more than half a mile from his former position. The boats, however, judging with singular accuracy as to his submarine course, had followed him with such effect as to be within less than half that distance of him, as he blew his steam-like spout, and again renewed his motionless position on the surface.

In the meantime the other fifteen or twenty boats were similarly engaged, and an hour or more having now passed without any change in the programme, we began to think that our sport mightn't come off after all, when suddenly old Grayback, who had been cruising under water for some time, lost his reckoning and rose under the very bows of one of the motionless boats, and before aware of his dangerous locality, received the ready harpoon into his unsuspecting blubber.

I think he must have sprang at least ten feet clear of the water, and for more than a second, his huge frame bent and doubled up by surprise or agony, was encircled by air only. Then he came down, and "oh, what a *splash* was there, my countrymen." It reverberated over the whole harbor, and raised a swell over which the boat rose and fell as in a sea way.

"Starn all!" It was the clear, *nasal* voice of the down-east boat-steerer, which came to us across the water almost as soon as the weapon had left his powerful grasp. And it was time to "starn all," for though the light boat sprang back like a thing of life more than her length from the effects of the looked for leap, yet she had nothing to spare; the writhing monster struck the water within a few feet of the stern, and then turned for deep water with a fearful velocity. At first they "give him line," then slowly "check him," and finally boil along in his foaming wake, as the powerful sweep of the trailing steering-oar turns the boat as upon a pivot, and guides her after the tautened line.

I do not think that her speed at the first jump could have been less than thirty miles the hour, and only think of a boat being dragged at that rate through the water. At times I really believe that she was *below the level of the sea*, but so great was her speed, that the water instead of *pouring into her*, was *thrown from* her gunwales in curling masses, that left a wake very much like that of a young steamboat.

No sooner was boat No. 1 thus fastened to old Grayback, than Nos. 2, 3 and 4, all belonging to the same ship, dropped the silent paddles, and with their long, sweeping oars, took part in the exciting race; while the remaining whales, as if conscious of the mishap which had overtaken their imprudent leader, rushed about in wild disorder, and, before recovering from their fright, another of their number had leaped bodily into the air, descended with a splash, and rushed wildly out to sea, with the barbed weapon in his side and the buoyant boat thundering along in his rear.

We had now two boats fastened to their flying prizes, while some half-dozen others were pulling vigorously in various directions, intent upon cutting off one or the other of the monsters—should the opportunity present itself in one of their many turnings—and fastening a second harpoon, in case the first should draw out. Old Grayback, however, seemed fully aware of the game that was being played, and evinced a decided indisposition to being "caught foul" a second time. He was by this time apparently cooled down by his "two-forty" pace, and seemed determined to limit his exertions to keeping out of harm's way—now and then indulging in unpleasantly sudden dives or dashes along the surface, as if merely to let them know that he was still "about." After running some miles to seaward, the old fellow had turned, and retraced his track to within half a mile of the spot where he was struck, and we thus had a fair view of his motions most of the time; but the other whale had dragged his boat with lightning speed around the North point of the harbor, and disappeared entirely.

Upon old Grayback, therefore, we fixed our admiring eyes, and some adventurous spirits even advocated the idea of our joining in the fun with our own boats, but as the majority of us still had in distant contemplation a mundane meeting with absent friends, the proposition to "take a boat and pull ourselves," [the crew having been worked hard during the last few days,] met with little encouragement. "Every man to his own trade," I thought to myself, as old Grayback made one of his playful dashes, turned suddenly at right angles to his former course, and came towards us with frightful velocity: "Every man to his own trade," what would become of that boat now, if I had the management of her? I think I'd *much* rather be seated on this topsail yard with my spy-glass to amuse myself with.

It was an awful jerk, a bold outlay of his husbanded strength, which the Leviathan made in that sudden dash and short turn, but the quick eye of the boat-steerer had caught the movement, and with one mighty sweep of his trailing oar turned the boat as upon a pivot, just as she felt the tautening of the line. Onward she surged in his boiling wake. Onward, onward. A breaking reef crossed their mad career, but old Grayback had evidently again lost his reckoning, for he rushed steadily upon it. Another second or two, and he must either turn at right angles or butt out his brains. He chose the former, as any sensible whale must have done, and seemed to fly with renewed velocity. Skirting the reef with a considerable portion of his huge head exposed, he passed so close to one of the ambushed boats as to furnish the long looked-for chance of fastening a second iron. But the harpoon, though well directed, and urged by the power of a strong arm, nerved by the moment's excitement, glanced harmlessly from his polished side, and was slowly hauled in by the disappointed whaler. The unexpected attack, however, seemed to lash him to perfect madness. Bounding off violently from the reef, he tore the first harpoon from its deep-seated hold, and renewed his furious flight, leaving behind him a turbid wake of bloody foam, that bid defiance to further pursuit. Old Grayback had saved his blubber, and the Sally-Ann, of New Bedford, was minus her 200 barrels.

"Come on! Come on!" said the Russian, who was by me on the topsail yard. The whale has got away; he has doubtless gone for his lunch after so much exercise, let us follow his example.

The Swedenborgian Idea of Flesh and Spirit.—Swedenborg maintains that man is a spirit, possessing the form and pervading the entire human system; that the spirit possesses eyes, a nose, hands, a mouth, limbs and feet; and that while in the body, the body is simply a piece of mechanism, by which the spirit operates on material things, and through the medium of which it receives impressions from external objects; that the spirit may be separated even in this life from the body, and almost unconscious of its existence; that when such is the case, the body retains animal life, but not the powers of action; and when the spirit is so separated from the body, it has full power to see and converse at will with disembodied spirits; and that, at death, the spirit is only separated and freed from the body as the butterfly is freed from the bonds which have enveloped it, and that in leaving the body at that time, the spirit is as unconscious of the separation, as when separated at any other time, as in a swoon.

NATHANIEL P. BANKS.

NATHANIEL P. BANKS.

[See Engraving.]

We present our readers this week with an engraving of Mr. Banks, the Speaker of the House of Representatives, whose election was accomplished after such an arduous struggle. Mr. Banks was born on the 13th of January, 1816, in the town of Waltham, near Boston, which is still his residence. The poverty of his family deprived him of any but the most ordinary advantages of education, and these were necessarily narrowly limited, or utterly withheld, from his twelfth year, when he betook himself to a factory in his native town, therein to earn a livelihood. At a later period of his youth, he worked as a blacksmith. He was nearly thirty years old, when, throwing aside his blacksmith's apron he commenced in Boston the study of the law in the office of Hon. Robert Rantoul, Jr., then U. S. District Attorney for Massachusetts, and he was more than thirty-two years old when, in 1848, he was admitted to practice, and opened an office for himself in Boston, still residing with his family at Waltham. Mr. Rantoul was probably the ablest man in the Democratic ranks in New England, and Mr. Banks' views upon many subjects are identical with those of his legal teacher and personal friend.

Mr. Banks had been an earnest and active partisan as early as 1840, when he supported Van Buren and the Sub-Treasury. He stood up for Polk in '44, and for Cass in '48, when he was for the first time chosen to the Legislature of Massachusetts from Waltham, though his political opponents were a decided majority in that town. It is said that but twenty Democrats were that year elected to the Massachusetts House, which consists of some three to four hundred members.

In 1850, the famous "Coalition" between the Free Soilers and the Democrats wrested Massachusetts from the control of the Whig party, sent Charles Sumner to fill the seat of the late Webster in the U. S. Senate, and elected Mr. Banks Speaker of the Massachusetts House. In 1853, Mr. Banks was elected Speaker of the Constitutional Convention, of which the ablest men of the State were members.

Mr. Banks first took his seat as a Member of Congress in December 1853, having supported General Pierce for President in the preceding canvass. He acted with his party through that session, except on the Slavery Question—taking ground against the Repeal of the Missouri Compromise, against the doctrine of "Squatter Sovereignty," and contending that it was the right and duty of Congress to act as the guardian of the infant Territories, and establish therein such institutions as were most in conformity with Republican principles, and best adapted to promote their intellectual, moral, and material growth.

In 1854, Mr. Banks was re-elected to the House, having this time the support of both the "American" and Democratic parties in his District, and receiving a majority of some seven thousand votes. In December last that Congress assembled, and, after a two months' struggle, was elected Speaker by a plurality of three votes. Mr. Banks is generally acknowledged to be an admirable presiding officer—having much experience, and great natural coolness, promptitude and dignity.

He is now forty years old, rather below the medium size, with a firm, erect carriage, and an earnest physiognomy that seems as though it had been pinched and shriveled by facing a keen New England March wind. His dark hair is thickly sprinkled with gray, indicative of the anxieties of an active trenchant life. He is understood to be still in very moderate circumstances. He was married some years since, and his wife is now with him in Washington, though their children in part remain at school in their New England home. Contrary to the general rule that "a prophet is not without honor, save in his own country," Mr. Banks has always been most popular in his native town, and there the long struggle for the Speakership was watched with the liveliest anxiety on his behalf. When the tidings of his success at length arrived, the bells were rung, cannon fired, a procession formed, and all the clergymen assembled with their flocks to rejoice over the success of their townsman.

Mr. Banks has been spoken of in connection with the Republican nomination for the Presidency, but it is stated that he declines allowing his name to be used before the Convention.

Droll Amusement.—The ladies of New Zealand, according to an English Missionary, have a way of their own to divert themselves:

"The chief amusement of the people was, and still is, the *tangi*, or crying. The ladies pride themselves on their doing this in the most affecting way, so that a stranger would be deceived, and not think it possible that it could be a mere mockery of woe, and yet it is nothing more; tears are shed in abundance, and the hands are wrung, as if suffering the most poignant grief, while the most heart-rending cries excite the sympathy of the company. The ladies have their heads adorned with fillets of leaves, or dog's hair, and so much joy do they experience in this exciting amusement, that they look forward to good crying with the same desire a young lady in England does to a dance or a ball."

STRINGS OF PROVERBS.

When a saying has passed into a national proverb, it is regarded as having received the "hallmark" of the people, with respect to its prudence or practical wisdom. Proverbs deal only with realities, generally of the most homely and everyday kind, and are always supposed to comprise the most sage advice, or the most broad worldly truth, within the least possible compass.

Now, while we admit that proverbs are, for the most part true, and useful in their teaching, and that they very often inculcate excellent maxims, we must, at the same time, enter our protest against the infallibility of most of them. Numbers will be found, on the least examination (which is seldom given to them) to be one-sided or false; others, inculcate an utterly selfish conduct, under the guise of prudence or worldly wisdom; and some of them are absolutely false, or only of the narrowest application. The majority of the proverbs, of all modern nations, originate with the people, and with the humbler classes, (we must except the Chinese and Arabic, which are evidently the product of their sages,) as witnessed by the homeliness of the allusions, and the frequent vulgarity, but, in all cases, the actual experience of life and its ordinary occurrences with regard to men and things. They are full of corn, with a proportionate quantity of chaff and straw. Let us no longer, therefore, take all these "sayings" for granted; let us rather take them to task a little, for their revision and our own good.

Proverbs being the common property of all mankind, and often to be traced to every remote geographical sources, we shall observe no national classification, but string a few together now and then from Arabia and China, from Spain, Italy, France or England, just as they may occur.

So, now, to our first string.

"*Honesty is the best policy.*" This is true in the higher sense; but doubtful in the sense usually intended. It is true as to the general good, but not usually for the individual, except in the long run. (We pass over the obvious truth, that it is better policy to earn a guinea than to steal one, because the proverb has a far wider range, of meaning than that.) To be a "politic," clever fellow, a vast deal more humoring of prejudices, errors and follies, is requisite, than at all asserts with true honesty of character. If, however, we regard this proverb only on its higher moral ground, then, of course, we must at once admit its truth. The reader will probably be surprised, as we were, to find that it comes from the Chinese, and will be found in the translation of the novel of "*Iu-Kiao-Li.*"

"*A leap from a hedge is better than a good man's prayer.*" (Spanish.) The leap (of a robber) from his lurking-place, being preferable to asking charity, and receiving a blessing, is one of those proverbs, the impudent immorality of which is of a kind that makes it impossible to help laughing. Its frank atrocity amounts to the ludicrous. It is an old Spanish proverb, and occurs in "Don Quixote"—of course in the mouth of Sancho.

"*A bird in the hand is worth two in the bush.*" The extreme caution ridiculed by this proverb is of a kind which one would hardly have expected to be popular in a commercial country. If this were acted upon, there would be an end of trade and commerce, and all capital would lie dead at the banker's—as a bird who was held safe. The truth is, our whole practice is of a directly opposite kind. We regard a bird in the hand as worth only a bird; and we know there is no chance of making it worth two birds—not to speak of the hope of a dozen—without letting it out of the hand. Inasmuch, however, as the proverb also means to exhort us not to give up a good certainty for a tempting uncertainty, we do most fully coincide in its prudence and sound sense. It is identical with the French, "*Mieux vaut un 'tiens' que deux 'tu l'auras';*"—one "take this" is better than two "thou shalt have it"—identical also with the Italian: "*E meglio un uovo ongi, che una gallina domani;*" an egg to-day is better than a hen to-morrow. It owes its origin to the Arabic—"A thousand cranes in the air, are not worth one sparrow in the fist."

"*Enough is as good as a feast.*" The best comment on this proverb that occurs to us was the reply made by Rooke, the composer, (a man who had a fund of racy Irish wit in him,) at a time when he was struggling with considerable worldly difficulties. "How few are our real wants!" said a consoling friend; "of what consequence is a splendid dinner? Enough is as good as a feast." "Yes," replied Rooke, and therefore a feast is as good as enough—and I think I prefer the former."

"*Love me, love my dog.*" At first sight this has a kindly appearance, as of one whose interest in a humble friend was as great as any he took in himself; but, on looking closer into it, we fear it involves a curious amount of selfish encroachment upon the kindness of others—a sort of doubling of the individuality, with all its exactions. My dog (in whatever shape) may be an odious beast; or, at best, one who either makes himself, or whose misfortune it is to be, very disagreeable to certain people; but, never mind—what of that, if he is *my* dog? Society could not go on if this were persisted in.

"*Set a beggar on horseback, and he'll ride to the Devil.*" The direction in which he will ride depends entirely on the character of the beggar—or poor man suddenly risen to power. Some sink over the other side of the horse, and drop into utter sloth and pampered sensualism; but others do their best to ride well, and sometimes succeed! Masaniello and Rienzi did not ride long in the best way; but several patriots, who have rapidly risen from obscurity to power, have set noble examples.

"*Throw him into a river, and he will rise with a fish in his mouth.*" (Arabic.) Some men are so fortunate that nothing can sink them. Where another man would drown they find fish or pearls.

"*The monkey feared transmigration, lest he should become a gazelle.*" (Arabic.) The matchless conceit of some people, and utter ignorance of themselves, either as to appearance or abilities, are finely expressed in the above.

"*The baker's wife went to bed hungry.*" (Arabic.) How often is it seen, that those who follow a profession or trade are among the last to display a special benefit from their calling! Our proverb, that "Shoemakers' wives are the worst shod," seems to be derived from the same source.

"*Chat echaude craint l'eau froide;* the scalded cat fears (even) cold water. This is a better version of the English proverb of "A burnt child dreads the fire." That the proverb is by no means of general application, the experience of every one can avouch. It would be the saving of many a child, of whatever age, who having been burnt should entertain a salutary dread of the fire ever after. But it is not so; witness how many are burnt—*i. e.*, ruined, wounded, shot, drowned, made ridiculous, who had all been previously well warned by "burning their fingers" with losses, injuries by land and sea, and failures in attempts involving dangerous chances.

"*Crom a boo;* I will burn. This Irish proverb, or saying, may serve in many respects as an adverse commentary on the preceding. There are people who are never at rest when they are out of hot water—nor contented when they are in. "I will burn" is the motto of the Duke of Leinster. It would do capitally for Mr. Smith O'Brien. Perhaps, however, it should not be read as a resolution to suffer, but as a threat to inflict a burning. Still, the vagueness of this threat—a dreadful announcement with no definite object—would render it equally applicable.

"*Bis dat qui cito dat;*" he gives double who gives promptly. The truth of this is well illustrated by the converse it suggests; that he who long delays and tantalises before giving earns less gratitude than scorn. It requires more generosity and a finer mind to confer a favor in the best way, than to confer double the amount of the favor itself.

"*What I gain afore, I lose ahint.*" (Scotch.) To be engrossed with a fixed object, is to forget what is going on all around us. I am closely engaged with what is passing before my eyes, while I am deceived and injured behind my back. This quaint old proverb has been ludicrously illustrated by a characteristic story. A Highlander, in a somewhat scanty kilt, was crossing a desolate moor one winter's night, and being very cold, he hastened to a light he saw at no great distance. It turned out to be a decomposed cod's head, which sent forth phosphoric gleams. He stooped down to try and warm his hands at it; but finding the bleak winds whistling all round his legs, he made the sage observation above, which has passed into a proverb.

"*Entfloh'nes, Wort, geworf'ner Stein, die kommon nimmeermehr herein;*" the hasty word, and hasty stone, can never be recalled. How truthful, how home to the mark, does this proverb fly; how excellent is the warning and the self-command it inculcates!

"*To-day a fire, to-morrow ashes.*" (Arabic.) Violent passions are the soonest exhausted; to-day all powerful, to-morrow nothing, or the consequences.

"*Reading the psalms to the dead.*" (Arabic.) This is the original of our "Preaching to the dead," to express the fruitlessness of exhortations, applications, or petitions to certain insensible people.

"*Follow the owl, she will lead thee to ruin.*" (Arabic.) A most picturesque proverb, giving its own scenery with it. But it strikes one as curious that this should come from the East, which seems so familiar to our apprehensions. Not only are the habits of the owl the same, but the owl is equally regarded as the symbol of a purblind fool. Yet, on the other hand, the owl of classic times was a type of wisdom.

"*Two of a trade can never agree.*" It is curious, and, in most instances, highly gratifying to see how many of these sayings of our ancestors are becoming falsified by the great advances made, of late years, in social feelings and arrangements. Trades unions, co-operative societies—in fact, all our great Companies prove how well two of a trade can agree; and so do all combinations of masters or of workmen. Yes, it will be said, but they "agree" and co-operate for their mutual interests, and they do not agree with those opposed to them. Of course not; the sensible thing, therefore, is obvious, to enlarge the sphere of good understanding and reciprocal fair dealing in matters of business, and thus to supersede the bad feeling and injury of greedy rivalries and selfish antagonisms.

"*There was a wife who always took what she had, and never wanted.* (Scotch.) A good practical advice, showing the importance of using what you possess, instead of hoarding it, or reserving it, even when most needed, for some possible contingency, which may never occur. It seems to refer chiefly to articles of dress, clothing, domestic utensils, or other household matters.

"*Dat Deus immiti corvua curta bovi;*" God curtails the power to do evil in those who desire to do it.

"*There is honor among thieves.*" This is, no doubt, quite true, though you must be a thief yourself to derive any benefit from it. They stand by their order. The suggestion is—since there is honor towards each other among the most unprincipled classes, surely Mr. Sweepstakes, and Mr. Moses Battledore, who are both respectable members of society, and belong to clubs, would not cheat me. But this does not logically follow, for we by no means know how far the respectable individual makes his view of his own interest an excuse to himself for an occasional exception to the code of morality he professes. There's honor among thieves; and there are thieves (here and there among honorably connected men,) "all honorable men." Life is a "mingled yarn" of good and evil; and society is a motley aggregate of all sorts of yarns.

"*Many preparations before the sour plum sweetens.*" (Chinese.) Great results do not hastily ripen; great and important changes must undergo a gradual process.

"*Spare the rod and spoil the child.*" This seems to be derived from the old Spanish proverb, which we find in Don Quixote, "He loves thee well who makes thee weep." They are unkindly and dangerous maxims, which tend to inculcate severity, and to justify harsh treatment upon the plea of future advantage. We readily admit that nothing can well be worse than a "spoilt child," nor can a more injurious system exist than that of pampering or spoiling—except the direct opposite, that of frequently causing tears.

"*A tea-spoonful of honey is worth a pound of gall.*" An indiscriminate use of the sweets of life is a stupidity and an injury; but the judicious use of them is of far more service in the production of good results than the bitter lessons which are often considered to be of most advantage. It is better to soften the heart than to harden it. "A soft word turneth away wrath."

"*What the ant collects in a year, the priest eats up in a night.*" (Arabic) The tithe-taxes, and other revenues of the state-clergy, derived from the industry of the working classes, are not very tenderly dealt with in this proverb.

"*The walls have ears.*" (Arabic.) This is one of the many instances of our homeliest proverbs in every day use, being derived from the East. No doubt the saying, that "Little pitchers have great ears," (in allusion to the sharpness of hearing in children,) is also derived from the domestic utensils of foreign countries in ancient times. The British Museum contains many such little pitchers, as well as the Foundling Hospital.

"*The ox that ploughs must not be muzzled.*" (Arabic.) The laborer ought to be allowed freedom of speech, or at least free breathing. We have a nautical saying akin to this—"A sailor never works well if he does not grumble."

"*Three united men will ruin a town.*" (Arabic.) The power of combination was never more excellently expressed.

"*A rose-bud fell to the lot of a monkey.*" (Arabic.) The monkey appreciated the rose-bud quite as much as swine appreciate the pearls which are said to be cast before them.

"*Of what use to a fool is all the trouble he gives himself?*" (Chinese.) None whatever; but his folly may cause a vast deal of trouble to people of sense. One false move of an utterly incompetent man in office, and the force of the saying becomes very expansive.

"*There are no lies so wicked as those which have some foundation.*" (Chinese.) A saying which is, but too true, and which ought to be universally understood in society, as some protection against slander.

"*He begins the quarrel who gives the second blow.*" (Spanish.) There are but few who possess the requisite degree of wise and kindly forbearance and magnanimous self-command implied in this saying. To strike again, or rather (as the *blow* is figurative) to retort an angry word, is natural to most men; to preserve a reproving silence, or administer a dignified rebuke, is in the power only of great characters—and not with them at all times. But it is quite possible, as we live in a very sagacious world, that such forbearance should not be thrown away upon every one, or the small minority of the magnanimous would soon be beaten out of existence. The above proverb, we believe, is originally Spanish, and, coming from a people so proverbially revengeful seems very extraordinary, and only to be accounted for as the result of an abstract thought of some lofty-minded hidalgo, speculating on friendship. Don Quixote might have said it.

"*A stitch in time saves nine.*" One of the most sensible and practical of all proverbs, as every body's experience can avouch. Yet, in defiance of all their own experience; how many people we see who constantly neglect the stitch in time. They do not forget it, or overlook it; and when they do, if you point it out to them, they still neglect it.

"*Chi non sa niente, non dubita di niente,*" he who knows nothing, doubts of nothing. The converse is equally true. He who knows much, is careful how he doubts of anything. This is peculiarly inculcated, at the present time, by the extraordinary discoveries and success of science.

Ivy.—By a little management you may have your ivy to cling perfectly. Whenever a branch grows without attaching itself to the wall, cut off the loose part close to a leaf beneath which the attachment is perfect. Continue this process till the wall is covered, and ever afterwards cut away all hanging branches, or by the force of the wind they will detach others besides themselves. When the ends of growing ivy once loose their hold, they are never still sufficiently long to be able to attach themselves; but, by cutting away to the point of contact, they are enabled to proceed to the new growth, and thus hold fast. Cut off the hanging branches as soon as seen; for, by swinging about in the wind, the injury is constantly increasing.

Admiral Boscawen's Wig.—When Admiral Boscawen added so gloriously to the laurels so often reaped by the British tars, and defeated the French fleet, he was under the necessity of going into a boat to shift his flag from his own ship to another. In his passage a shot went through the boat's side; when the admiral taking off his wig, stopped the leak with it, and by that means saved the boat from sinking, until he reached the ship in which he intended to hoist his flag. Thus, by a presence of mind so natural to the worthy admiral, was he himself saved, and also enabled to continue the engagement, which ended so gloriously to the British nation.

Study of Mankind.—In order to love mankind, expect but little from them; in order to view their thoughts without bitterness, we must accustom ourselves to pardon them, and to perceive that indulgence is a justice which frail humanity has a right to demand from wisdom. Now, nothing tends more to dispose us to indulgence, to close our hearts against hatred, to open them to the principles of a humane and soft morality, than a profound knowledge of the human heart. Accordingly the wisest men have always been the most indulgent.—*Bulwer.*

ASLEEP.

An hour before, she spoke of things
That memory to the dying brings,
And kiss'd me all the while;
Then, after some sweet parting words,
She seem'd among her flowers and birds,
Until she fell asleep.

'Twas summer then, 'tis autumn now,
The crimson leaves fall off the bough,
And strew the gravel sweep;
I wander down the garden-walk,
And muse on all the happy talk
We had beneath the limes;
And, resting on the garden-seat,
Her old Newfoundland at my feet,
I think of other times:

Of golden eves, when she and I
Sat watching here the flushing sky,
The sunset, and the sea;
Or heard the children in the lanes,
Following home the harvest wains,
And shouting in their glee.

But when the daylight dies away,
And ships grow dusky in the bay,
These recollections cease;
And in the stillness of the night,
Bright thoughts that end in dreams as bright,
Communicate their peace.

I wake and see the morning star,
And hear the breakers on the bar,
The voices on the shore;
And then, with tears, I long to be
Across a dim unsounded sea,
With her for evermore.

Original Novelet.

VIVIA;
OR,
THE SECRET OF POWER.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY MRS. EMMA D. E. N. SOUTHWORTH.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1856, by Deacon & Peterson, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

Days and weeks passed while Theodora hovered between life and death. The first of January arrived, the time appointed for the doctor's family to begin their journey southward, yet as Theodora still continued extremely ill, her relatives could not in common propriety leave the neighborhood. When, however, near the first of February she was pronounced convalescent, her aunt sent over the remainder of her effects, consisting chiefly of her card, and painting materials, to Red Ridge; and the next day, accompanied by the whole family, came over to bid adieu—"*a dieu*"—"to God" indeed the fragile, suffering creature needed to be committed.

"I am very glad to leave you so well provided for, my dear Theodora! I trust you will be quite happy. Though, as I said before, Basil is not exactly the man I should have chosen for you, yet as you seemed destined to marry him, I will say no more upon *that* point. He is certainly very devoted to you. Good-bye, my love. I shall mail a letter to you from Baltimore. Basil must answer it. And as soon as you are well enough, you also must write to me," said the lady, on taking leave of her niece.

They left the next day.

One would not have thought it, but even this parting from relatives who had never been very kind to her, was so painful to the sensitive girl, who considered it as the breaking of the last link that held her to her girlish life, that in her weak, impressible state it caused a relapse that threw back her recovery several weeks. Basil was now her devoted nurse. The gentlest woman could not have been more gentle. His solicitous love seemed to endow him with the tact, skill, and tenderness, that only experience usually gives.

A busy and critical season was approaching for the farmer—but Basil, with an eye single to Theodora, let the interests of his farm take care of themselves, or be taken care of by whomsoever listed to assume the trouble and responsibility.

Poor old Mrs. Wildman sighed over the state of affairs, and once even complained to Miss Elizabeth—

"It is not that I have any unkind feelings towards the little creature, especially as the love of her sweet face keeps Blaise out of bad company, but it does seem so hard, that after all my struggles to get along in the world, Blaise could not have picked out a fine hearty woman with property, and some power of work in her, to be a helpmeet for him. And now here is his girl of a wife not only unable to help him, but taking all his time up to attend to her. I do think I am the most afflicted—" and here the long suffering old lady broke down and wept.

"Oh! no you are not the most afflicted. This delicate young lady to whom Basil's own heart has led him, will save and reform him as no wife of your picking out would have done," replied Miss Elizabeth.

This conversation occurred one evening while the old lady was laying the cloth for tea; and Miss Elizabeth, as usual in mild weather, was sitting sewing by the open window. When the supper was placed upon the table, the latter took a cup of tea and a piece of toast, and carried them up stairs to Theodora, with the intention also of relieving the watch of Basil, while he should come down to join the family at their evening meal. Basil had scarcely reached the kitchen, when he perceived Jim, who had been dispatched to Eyrie for lemons and some other necessaries for the use of the sick girl, approaching and holding up with great glee, three letters in his hands—

"A half of a half dozen, Marse Blaise! An' Marse Pos'office say how dey's bin dere near two week!"

Getting a letter at Red Ridge was such a very rare and almost unprecedented event, that the master was nearly as much excited at the view of them as the man had been.

"Where upon the face o' the yeth would so many letters a come from!" exclaimed old Mrs. Wildman, while Helen and Miss Nelly Parrott, drew near and peeped over Basil's shoulder.

"One is from New Orleans, for me," said Blaise.

"Yes! that's from Mrs. Throgmorton," said the old lady.

"Who's t'others from?"

"I don't—exactly—know," said Blaise, in a hesitating, troubled manner, looking at the other letters.

"One is marked Hav—Hav—something—"

"Oh! *Havre*. They are foreign letters—hand them here, and let me look at them," exclaimed Helen, impatiently.

"Forring letters! hand 'em here this minit. I reckon they're for me. Who else should they be for, indeed! Who but me, has rich relations in forring parts to leave them fortins?" exclaimed Miss Nelly Parrott, in great excitement, attempting to take the letters from Helen, who now had them in her own possession.

"Hands off! The letters are directed to Theodora."

"Theodora, indeed! who has *she* got in forring parts?"

"Give me Theodora's letters to keep for her, Helen," interrupted Blaise.

Helen reluctantly returned them, Miss Parrott taking an opportunity to peer at their superscription, to satisfy herself that there was fair play in their detention by the present parties.

"Come! read your own letter, Blaise! I want to know how the doctor's family got on," requested old Mrs. Wildman.

"I wish you'd all sit down to the table, and eat your suppers like christians. Such a fuss about letters! Well, they *are* rarities in this poor, low-life house, that's a fact!" exclaimed Miss Nelly, who had now lost all interest in the family correspondence.

"Sit down, Miss Nelly, and I will wait on you," said the most amiable old lady in the whole world. "Sit down all of you, and Basil, you can read your letter out loud, while I make the tea, and Helen helps Miss Nelly to ham and tongue."

This little matter being amicably settled, Mrs. Throgmorton's missive was read. It only announced the safe arrival of herself and family at New Orleans, and expressed their anxious desire to hear news of Theodora by letter, that must be directed to Galveston, the next place of their temporary sojourn. After finishing the perusal, Blaise laid the letter on the table for Miss Elizabeth to read, hastily swallowed a cup of tea and a few mouthfuls of bread, and immediately left the table, and hurried off up to Theodora's room.

"That boy will kill himself, with waiting on Theodora," said old Mrs. Wildman, sighing.

"Humph! hope it 'ill *last*," benevolently observed Miss Parrott.

"He doesn't eat enough to keep a bird alive, Nelly," sighed the old lady deprecatingly.

"It's enough to keep a jackass alive, it seems," was the second comment of this affable creature.

Helen, had any one been sufficiently interested in her to observe it, might have been detected in neglecting her supper quite as much as Basil had; she ate nothing, but mused and crumbled her bread; her thoughts ran upon those letters; she knew they were from Austin Malmaison; she would have given—a fraction of her honor, to have seen the contents of those epistles; but that while they remained in the possession of Basil, the seals were as sacred as the holy stone she knew; however, there was nothing like trying that question, "Oft expectation, etc."

That night while Theodora slept soundly, she went up stairs, and offered to relieve Basil's watch; and upon his expected refusal to leave Theodora's side, begged and obtained permission at least to share it.

"Does talking in a low voice disturb her?" asked Helen.

"No, not now! for when she sleeps at all, it is so heavy, that it's like death," groaned Basil.

"Very well! I am glad of it, for I have something to say to you that concerns your happiness, and she must not hear."

"Helen, I do not mean to begin by having any secrets from Theodora! It would seem like treachery."

"Hem! 'hope it may last,' as Miss Nelly observes! Has she no secrets from *you*?"

"I don't know! hereafter she will not have any wrong ones, I am *sure*!"

"*Hem-m-m!* hope *that* may last, also! Very well, then! The subject of our conversation this evening you need not keep secret from her, if, when she is able to hear of it, you see fit to tell her!"

"Well, then, what is it?"

"Do you know whom those letters came from?"

"Yes!" sighed Blaise, "I suppose I do!—they came from—from that—handsome—wealthy—book-learned—Austin Malmaison!"

'Did you know he was Theodora's lover?—and that *that* was the reason why Mrs. Malmaison took him off to Europe?"

"I—thought so!" choked Blaise.

"And now then! She knows nothing of those letters! you have a right to open and read them! to possess yourself of the contents—and—the—relations in which those two stood towards each other—when he went to Europe—that—would put you into a position to—know how to act in the premises."

"Helen Wildman! you are yourself, this moment, stammering for my shame at what you want me to do!" said Blaise, warmly.

"Well!" exclaimed Helen, hastily, "if you look at it so prudishly, at least you have the privilege of suppressing the letters, which, under the circumstances, I think would be best, as the perusal of their contents might make her very unhappy in her present position."

"Helen! you make me mad! Now I tell you what I shall do. I shall keep these letters carefully, until Theodora is able to read them. *Then*—mind you!—I shall not give them to her with my own hands, not as if I wished to see how she would take them, and wanted to know what was in them—no!—but I shall leave them on her table, so that she may find them when she is alone, and read them without interruption. I shall never name the letters to her; but if afterwards she chooses to give me her confidence, she may do so! The Lord knows I am afraid the poor, unhappy girl has been hardly and deceitfully enough dealt with, but I have had no hand in her injuries—for I myself was deceived! But it is too late now to help it! all that is left for me to do is—to act right."

Ah! poor Basil! what is left for any of us, in any strait to do, but simply—right!

As Theodora recovered, Basil gradually absented himself from her presence; that was a part of the self-denying rule that he had laid down for himself out of delicate regard to her.

One morning when she was well enough to come down into the parlor, he came in bringing her a buach of the first white lilies of the season, and finding her alone, he left the two letters on the table, beside the vase of lilies, where she would not fail to see the superscription for herself. And then he withdrew, and went around into the door yard, and, to his utilitarian mother's high disapproval, occupied himself with planting a white jessamine vine, that he might train it up to Theodora's chamber window.

Meantime, she sat there thinking how delicate and disinterested the affection of this poor, uncultivated Basil really was—how impossible that he should have been a cognizant party to that base conspiracy by which her freedom and her peace had been sacrificed, and conjecturing, as she often did now, what could have caused that fatal apathy of intellect and will, which had left her, on the evening of her marriage, an easy victim to that bitter treachery. But through all this, the lilies, unthought of, were wooing her notice. She turned her eyes towards them, and her glance fell upon the letters. She impulsively caught them up, growing pale at the sight of the familiar hand-writing. She looked at each in turn, and opened first, the one of latest date.

ILLUSTRATIONS OF "HIAWATHA."

[From a number of Illustrations of the celebrated poem of Hiawatha, in the N. Y. Picayune, we take the following:—]

WABUN WOOS THE STAR OF THE MORNING.

And he wooed her with caresses,
Wooed her with his smile of sunshine,
With his flattering words he wooed her.

PORTRAIT OF WENONAH.

And the daughter of Nakomis,
Grew up like the prairie lilies,
Grew a tall and slender maiden.

HIAWATHA FRIGHTENS HIS GRAND-MOTHER BY DOG PRACTICE.

"Of all the beasts he learned the language."

A GOOD FIT.

"From the red deer's hide Nakomis
Made a cloak for Hiawatha"

HIAWATHA (OR THE POET) SHOOTS THE LONG BOW.

"He could shoot ten arrows upward,
Shoot them with such strength and swiftness,
That the tenth had left the bow string
Ere the first to earth had fallen."

HIAWATHA STARTS OFF TO SEE HIS FATHER.

"From his lodge went Hiawatha,
Dressed for travel and for hunting."

HOTEL D'A——, RUE DE V——, PARIS.

MY OWN DEAREST ONE—Though I wrote half a dozen letters from Havre, and from this city, on Monday, Tuesday, and yesterday, yet I cannot refrain from writing to you again to-day. And indeed, even when the pen is not in my hand, I am still, in thought, writing to you. Every new impression that I receive here, refers itself directly to you, even as memory and as hope speak constantly of you. Such folios I think over to you, that, were there any sun-power of daguerreotyping thought, your studio could not hold the heart pictures I should send you. Yesterday I described our visit to the Louvre; but to-day I write with another purpose, for I shall not go again to a gallery of art, until I can do so in attendance upon my dearest lady. My heart's dearest Theodora! My soul's best, earthly good! May I call you so, at last? May I assume that you have recognized the consecration of that heart that has long been wholly your own? And that you have not disdained its offering? It is needless to inform you, my own, what my whole life, since our first meeting, must have told you, how long and devotedly I have loved you, how earnestly I have aspired to the possession of your love. But it is necessary, my dearest, to explain why, while all my conduct spoke one language to you, my lips did not specially confirm it. A promise given long ago to my mother, to the effect that I should form no matrimonial engagement, without her consent, until after my majority, has hitherto sealed my lips. How I longed for the time to arrive that should set me free. It has come; to-day I am twenty-one; and the first use I make of my newly fledged freedom is to lay it at my lady's feet. My own Theodora! the sea separates us, yet I could not refrain, in this first moment of my power to do so, to write you this letter. Very soon in person I will follow it—and—"

—No more! she could read no more! Slowly, slowly, word by word, line by line, the miserable facts of happiness, unspeakable as unhoped for, so nearly secured, so irretrievably lost, had gathered around her consciousness, oppressing, crushing her to the earth. For a little while she had resisted the fatal weight, and summoning what fortitude she possessed, compelled herself to read on—and then her strength utterly failed, her head sunk upon her bosom, her arms dropped by her sides, the letter fell from her relaxed fingers, and she fainted.

The sound of a soft fall reached the vigilant ears of Basil, who dropped his spade in alarm and ran in, raised her in his arms, and loudly calling for help, laid her on the lounge. And even in that excitement, while the family were hastening into the room, and Basil's eyes fell upon the open letter on the floor, he picked it up, and thrust it out of sight into his bosom. Old Mrs. Wildman sighed and groaned, and amid her sympathy for Theodora, pitied herself likewise, that just now, in corn planting time, they should be afflicted with this delicate, invalid girl. And she directed Basil to take her up stairs into her chamber that she had left too soon, she said. A severe illness followed this event. Again Basil was her unwearied nurse. The first object that met her eyes on her returning consciousness, was the pale, worn, anxious face of her poor, unpolished, lover-husband. In all this, under all the superficial ruggedness and awkwardness and ignorance, there was a real vital germ of wisdom, goodness and spiritual beauty, that a fine, penetrating spirit, like that of Theodora, could not fail to recognize in Basil. When she was finally convalescent, Basil was subpœnaed to attend a trial at the county town, and left her for an absence of several days. Now, had his manner to her been many degrees less considerate and delicate, she must have rejoiced at a deliverance, however short, from his company. As it was, she missed him—missed the kind, attentive countenance, that for her had no other expression but the most affectionate solicitude, that in her suffering was clouded over with sorrow, and when she was better was lighted up with joy. Basil loved her with a pure, deep, strong affection, and he was the only one in the family that did so. Old Mrs. Wildman, Miss Elizabeth, and Helen, were as kind as they could possibly be; but through all their attentions and services, Theodora's fine sense perceived that she was only compassionated as a delicate, suffering girl, and barely tolerated in the light of a daughter and sister; only Basil loved her just as she was, loved her devotedly, notwithstanding her helplessness. And from her soul she pitied Basil, and wondered at the strange destiny that had inspired him with so absorbing a love for one who could never respond to it—never! For though it has been said that, on one hand, "pity is akin to love," and though that may possibly be true with man's protecting instinct—yet "pity" is also too nearly allied to "contempt" on the other hand, for the love of woman, which is essentially a dependance and an aspiration.

At the end of the week Basil returned. Theodora was in the back piazza that opened behind the parlor, where he sought her presence. There was no misapprehending the light of joy that broke over his countenance as he caught sight of her. But the very gladness of his expression was subdued as he approached and inquired after her welfare. She received and replied to him kindly; how could she else? After a little he drew from his pocket a letter, and putting it in her hand, said,

"I picked this up just after you had dropped it, dear Theodora. I need not surely tell you that no eye but your own has seen its contents."

"I am sure of that. Now, will you please to do me another favor—will you go and burn this [illegible] Oh—here is [illegible] and drawing from her pocket the one which had accompanied it.

"This! why, you have not read it—the seal has not been broken!" said Basil, inquiringly.

"Nor ever will be broken. It does not matter now; please go."

Without another word, Basil took the letters, and went and consigned them to the kitchen fire. Returning, he found Theodora, very pale, but, outwardly at least, calm. Sinking down by her side, kneeling, and half-embracing the back of the little chair she occupied, with the strange, beautiful blending of adoration and of protection that distinguished his whole bearing towards her, he said,

"Theodora, there is something that must be explained between us. Dear Theodora, looking back upon all the circumstances of our marriage, I have been afraid that you were not a free agent when you gave me your dear hand—I have been afraid that you were acting upon compulsion—"

He paused, but as she made no comment, he went on.

"This is what I wanted to say, dear Theodora, that had I believed you were acting against your own free will, I would have died—yes, a thousand deaths!—before I would have been concerned in such wickedness! Oh, Theodora, tell me that you believe this of me!"

"I do, I do indeed believe it, Basil. I was always sure that you could not have been a consenting party to that—deception."

"Deception—Theodora?"

"Yes—there was no compulsion—they drugged me, Basil! gave me something that half palsied my intellect, and quite palsied my will—and then they dressed me, and brought me down to you. It was my motive power, rather than my understanding, that was affected—for I remember all, and can recall my feelings. I knew, or partly knew, what was going on around me—d but it seemed to be a dream, from which I had no power to awake."

"I'll—strangle that man the first time I me him!" exclaimed Basil, growing black in face.

"A sin is its own severest punishment, B What I have just told you, was not intend excite indignation, but simply that you know all the facts; for little is left us to but from perfect candor towards each Basil; I believe that you also were decei

"Deceived! They sent me kind m from you, and invitations that brought to the house, and then they brought m acceptance of my poor suit. And when I to see you, to hear from your own lips firmation of my happiness, they put me off ingenious evasions. Oh! but that my too love had blinded me, I might have know of us will ever leave the spot alive!"

"Thank heaven, you will not be likely to me him. They deceived themselves, before they ceived us. They reasoned themselves into the lief that they were doing us a service, and that the end justified the means. They believed the marriage a desirable one for all parties—they had no time to spend in combating what they had decided to be fantastical objections, hence they determined to bring matters to a crisis, and by *stratagem*—for believe me, they have not called their act by so harsh a name as—treachery."

"Yet it was the blackest, most atrocious treachery! How *can* you forgive them, and even seek to palliate their wickedness?"

"Because I must! The very instinct of self-praservation, drives me to find excuses for them. It were too horrible—too agonizing to believe that they knew what they did, and yet could do it. Our Saviour on the cross prayed for His executioners—'Father, forgive them, for *they know not what they do.*' That 'they know not what they do,' is the truth I think of most wrong-doers. Loathe the sin as much as possible, yet judge mercifully of the sinner."

"I cannot make that fine distinction. I do not know sin except through the *sinner*. Besides the sinner creates the sin, not sin the sinner."

"Then don't create another sin of anger. Judge kindly as you can. They nursed me tenderly while I was ill."

"Aye! I suppose they rather preferred that you should recover, than that they should have the guilt of murder on their souls. Well, let them pass for the present Theodora. Oh! let me hold your dear hand a little, just while I speak to you. It is so sweet to hold it, and I will never ask it again. This is what I feel bound to say to you—that ceremony at Mount Storm has given me no claim whatever to your confidence or affection, until your own words confirm it. A sort of right of guardianship I must hold, or seem to hold, or else you would have no protection until your friends from abroad return—then, Theodora, you are the mistress of your own fate; an exposition of the treachery by which your consent seemed to be gained, a nine days wonder, a legal formula, and you are free," said Basil in a choking voice, pressing the hand that he thought, in dropping then, he was resigning forever.

"And you, Basil?" she asked, after a pause.

"Back to my plough—back among my oxen—almost content if I leave you happy."

She held out to him again the hand he had dropped.

"Dear Basil, I have never seen any one so generous as you—never. The Lord bless you, and the Lord guide us both."

No more was said for the next few minutes, and then the entrance of Helen broke in upon the interview. (TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE PROTECTION AND PRESERVATION OF GAME.

NEW YORK, April 1856.

To him to whom the works of nature are a pleasant and agreeable study—as well as to him who is eager and skillful as a sportsman—the subject of the protection and preservation of game is one of interest and importance. Nor is it interesting and important alone to these—but is more generally so than appears at first sight, and is easily demonstrated. Some of the wisest and best scholars and statesmen of the past, have given it their attention and admitted its importance—and in the United States, its usefulness and necessity are more apparent and discernible in some respects than in other countries; for the defence of the land, rests not upon a numerous and expensive standing army—but almost entirely upon the readiness of the people at large in the use of the gun. The accuracy and precision of the American rifleman during the revolution, more often conquered the British troops, than the skillful manœuvers and discipline of the trained regulars. This accuracy and precision was acquired most certainly in almost daily exercise among the woods and fields in pursuit of game, braving toil and danger, living in secluded spots, where they could the more easily indulge the appetite for sport and excitement, and in its pursuit develope their capabilities, and increase their powers of endurance. But even now, the larger species of game are nearly extinct in this state, and as a consequence, the rifle—once the favorite weapon in American hands—has almost fallen into disuse, and the fowling piece is used in its stead. And with the extermination of the winged game which may yet be found among us, will be gone one of the most delightful pastimes wherein to expend the youthful overplus of animal spirits and propensities.

Followed at the proper time and season, sporting imparts a health and robustness, sought for in vain by city dwellers at fashionable watering places, and furnishes an agreeable relaxation to the follower of sedentary pursuits or occupations. I do not propose to enter upon a defence of field sports properly followed, as there is no necessity among liberal and unprejudiced minds, but to urge the necessity of game preservation and protection. It is a most palpable fact, that feathered game—especially the quail, woodcock, snipe and ruffed grouse, (commonly known as the partridge and pheasant,) are rapidly and surely becoming extinct, and this fact is mainly due to a cruel, reckless, careless murder of these noble birds out of their proper season. Their growing scarcity, while it is admitted upon all sides, has also been ascribed by some to the advance of civilization, and the up-springing of new and large places and thoroughfares. The entire reverse of this is true however, for they follow in the tracks of man, and are found only after his hand has cleared the forest, and admitted the sunshine upon meadows and fields of grain. The surest finding place for ruffed grouse, is in some woodland skirted by fields of waving grain.

The advance of improvements, except as they increase the numbers and facilities for loafing, pot-hunting vagabonds, to stroll about the woods and fields, and do their contemptible work of murder, does not in the least diminish their numbers. It is nothing more or less than a criminal disregard of the proper time to hunt and kill this game, which causes its scarcity. Take for example a couple of female ruffed grouse, killed in the latter part of April or early in May, and the effect upon the numbers of the bird in the ensuing fall will be twenty or thirty less, for she lays from ten to fifteen eggs at a laying. Nor is this all—as the birds during the spring are wretchedly poor, and their flesh, particularly after severe winters, is rank and bitter, from being kept by deep snows from their usual food, and feeding, from necessity upon laurel and other unnatural and unwholesome esculents.

The severity of the past winter has destroyed thousands of quail, in almost every section of country, where they abound—and the few that have survived, are now busy with the cares of nesting and incubation, and it is easy to see that unless they are unmolested in so doing, this little favorite is in great danger of immediate and actual extermination. My correspondents in the west, combine to mention the great destruction of this bird, it being often found frozen to death in large flocks, upon the prairies. Indeed, the habit of the quail, in gathering in close circles, during the prevalence of storms, is frequently taken advantage of by things, (not men,) who pour upon them a murderous fire of slugs or shot, often killing entire, or decimating the flock. No man of ordinary humanity, much less a genuine sportsman, would *think* of shooting a quail, woodcock or snipe *sitting*, any more than he would of shooting and bagging an owl, and in fact to him who can only kill game sitting, my advice would be to either entirely abandon sporting, or learn to accomplish the business in a more sportsmanlike manner. For, who is there using even an ordinary gun, with from an ounce to an ounce-and-a-half shot in a load, which have from five to eight hundred pellets to the ounce, but can accomplish the slaughter of some stupid, unwary bird, sitting upon the ground or a log. While on the contrary, as Herbert truly says, (who by the way is the best authority upon American Field Sports, and to whom I am under obligation as a naturalist,) it needs to shoot well on the wing—"the eye of faith, the finger of instinct, the steady nerve, the deliberate celerity, the marking glance, which characterizes the sportsman."

Spring and summer shooting is not only destructive to game, but it is followed at a season which makes it a toil rather than a pleasure to sportsmen, for many reasons. Woodcock shooting, by universal consent in this State, commences legally (custom making the law where counties have not procured the passage of some special act by the Legislature,) upon the first of July; which, in my opinion, is much too early for the young to have attained their full size and weight, and is, moreover, the hottest, dryest month in the year. Why this time is selected, I never understood, unless at this period the bird is more easily killed, from the fact that then (in July) when flushed it flies slowly, and stupidly alights again often within gunshot, and may be followed and shot at a dozen times in as many minutes. While in the autumn, after the moulting season has passed, and after the singular temporary disappearance of the woodcock from his accustomed haunts, he is in full vigor, will weigh one-quarter more, and upon being disturbed, makes a swift, strong flight to a great distance. There was formerly some excellent woodcock shooting in the vicinity of the Chemung River, on the line of the Erie Railroad, in this State, and especially in shooting in this section my own experience goes to show that the summer killing of this bird is cruel and unsportsmanlike; for in a day's sport once, in July, as I was following up a small stream tributary to the Chemung, and which was fringed with a growth of alder bushes and high weeds, in endeavoring to push my way through a tangled mass of grass and rushes, I put up a bird; and, steadying myself as well as I was able upon the uneven, yielding soil, I gave her a barrel as she came into view, and neatly stopped her. I thought I had detected something unnatural and heavy in her flight; but, upon retrieving the bird, which I did myself, not choosing to use my dogs for that purpose, imagine my surprise at finding between the legs of the one I had killed, a young woodcock, scarcely fledged, and unhurt, but clinging firmly to the legs of the parent bird! The spring, however, I ought to add, had been unusually cold and backward that season, with a prevalence of cold rains and high water; but I was fully convinced that I was killing game out of season, and firmly resolved never again to hunt game during the summer months.

With all game birds the facts are similar with regard to killing them before Autumn—and killed then, they are not only in much better condition for table use, but the sport of hunting them in increased ten-fold. I beseech you then who value good sport in the pursuit of noble, full sized game, and who regard personal comfort in its pursuit—and above all who favor the protection and preservation of American game birds, and field sports, lay aside your trusty double-barrels until the many colored, gorgeous tints of pleasant Autumn shall invite you into the fields—not then waving with tall grass or golden grain, but shorn of their "nodding glory," and offering no resistance to the roving feet of yourself or your canine companions.

SPORTSMAN.

ACTIVE VIRTUE.—He that can apprehend and consider vice, with all her lusts and seeming pleasures, and yet abstain, and yet distinguish and yet prefer that which is truly better, he is the true warfaring Christian. I cannot praise a fugitive and cloistered virtue, unexercised and unbreathed, that never sallies out and sees her adversary, but slinks out of the race where that immortal garland is to be run for, not without dust and heat.—*Milton.*

FOREIGN NEWS.

The steamer Asia arrived at New York on the 16th inst.

The official proceedings of the Peace Congress, just published, prove that the most interesting feature happened after the treaty was signed, in an interchange of sentiment upon various subjects of European interest. This interchange of opinions was invited by Count Walewski, who, among other things, referred to the disturbed state of Italy, recommending that suggestions for a milder rule be conveyed to the Italian governments, in which suggestions the Plenipotentiaries heartily agreed.

Count Cavour, on behalf of Sardinia, demanded that a Secular Government be established in the Roman Legation, and that the Austrian troops be withdrawn.

Sharp words ensued between the Austrian and Sardinian Representatives, but it ended in nothing.

The Plenipotentiaries then proceeded to the discussion of the new declaration of the maritime law in reference to neutrals, &c., and to all the principles of this law the Plenipotentiaries gave their adhesion, Russia qualifying her assent in the matter of privateering.

Letters from Rome state that the ecclesiastical circles were struck at the Sardinian programme of Italian Reform. The sudden departure for Paris of Monseigneur Bernardi is supposed to be connected with this movement.

A letter from Berlin says that the proposal of England to capitalize the Sound Dues was not acceptable to Denmark.

TURKEY.—The treaty guarantying the independence of Turkey decrees

First—The contracting parties guaranty, jointly and severally, the independence and integrity of the Ottoman Empire, as recorded in the Treaty of Paris on the 30th of March, 1856.

Secondly—Any infractions of the stipulations of said treaty will be considered a *casus belli*, and the contracting parties will come to an understanding with the Sublime Porte as to the measures to be taken, and will immediately determine among themselves as to the employment of their military and naval forces.

INTERNATIONAL ARBITRATION.—In the sitting of the Paris Congress on the 14th of April, Lord Clarendon brought forward a proposal that the Congress should agree to a declaration in favor of the reference of future disputes to the arbitration of a friendly power, in preference to war. The protocol, No. 23, which reports the discussion, is as follows:

"The Earl of Clarendon having demanded permission to lay before the Congress a proposition which it appears to him ought to be favorably received, states that the calamities of war are still too present to every mind not to make it desirable to seek out every expedient calculated to prevent their return; that a stipulation had been inserted in Article 7 of the treaty of peace, recommending that in case of difference between the Porte and one or more of the other signing powers, recourse should be had to the mediation of a friendly state before resorting to force.

"The first Plenipotentiary of Great Britain conceives this happy innovation might receive a more general application, and thus become a barrier against conflicts which frequently only break forth because it is not always possible to enter into explanation and to come to an understanding. He proposes, therefore, to agree upon a resolution calculated to afford to the maintenance of peace that chance of a duration hereafter, without prejudice, however, to the independence of goverenments."

The proposition was discussed at length, not without some objections from the Austrian Commissioner; but, after some explanations, the following result was arrived at:

"Whereupon the Plenipotentiaries do not hesitate to express, in the name of their governments, the wish that States between which any serious misunderstanding may arise should, before appealing to arms, have recourse, as far as circumstances might allow, to the good offices of a friendly power.

"The Plenipotentiaries hope that the governments not represented at the Congress will unite in the sentiment which has inspired the wish recorded in the present protocol."

ENGLAND.—In the House of Commons on May 2nd, Lord Palmerston replying to Lord Manners said the restrictions with regard to the re-erection of works in the Black Sea applied to naval arsenals only. The forts on the Circassian coast did not come within the stipulations. They were not naval and not offensive, but merely places of military defence.

On the motion that the House at its rising do adjourn till Monday, Lord W. Graham asked whether under the treaty of peace the Russians would be enabled to raise the ships now sunk in the harbor of Sebastopol, and bring them through the Dardanelles to any part of the Russian dominion. Lord Palmerston replied that by the treaty of peace, Russia would not be permitted to have any fleet, either ships of the line or frigates, in the Black Sea. There was no restriction as to the amount of her naval forces in the Baltic; and Russia might remove the sunken ships to the Baltic from the Black Sea. A question had arisen during the negotiations as to granting permission to Russia to bring two ships of the line from Nicolaef to the Baltic, which were launched but not armed. This had not been objected to.

The treaty between England, France and Austria, guarantying the independence and integrity of the Turkish Empire, was presented in Parliament on May 3rd.

Lord Clarendon's despatch in answer to Secretary Marcy's note of the 28th of December, was laid before Parliament on May 3rd. The Daily News, in its comments upon the matter, refers to the demand for Mr. Crampton's recall, as an invitation for the English Cabinet to disgrace itself for the amusement of the Government at Washington.

RUSSIA.—An imperial decree has ordered the disbandment of 350,000 men of the militia.

Prince Eristoff and General Zanlofski, who built Sebastopol, are among recent deaths.

St. Petersburg advices state positively that a portion of the Russian force now disposable will be employed in completing the subjection of Circassia.

The mountain tribes made some incursions in the latter part of 1855, which will justify, it is said, a severe chastisement.

FRANCE.—The Emperor is said to be devising methods enabling him to create titles of nobility. The honors are to be accompanied with endowments from the Emperor's private funds. The idea is to reward in this way the principal military heroes of the Crimea.

Orders have been given to the police to redouble their surveillance over the secret societies.

ITALY.—A letter from Turin, of April 26, states that the rumors of the manly attitude assumed in the Congress by Count Cavour—rumors which the despotic Italian Governments, notwithstanding all their efforts, have been unable to prevent from widely circulating—have produced an immense sensation all over Italy. Subscriptions for a testimonial to Count Cavour are set on foot in several towns, and in Rome, Bologna, and Florence many of the leading families are at the head of the movement.

COMMERCIAL INTELLIGENCE.—London, Friday Evening, May 2.—The funds showed a heaviness this morning, and at one time the extreme decline was ⅜. Prices rallied, however, and closed at ⅛a¼ lower than the highest sales of Wednesday.

Business was languid on the Stock Exchange, excepting for French Shares, which advanced in sympathy with the upward movement at Paris.

Liverpool, May 3.—The Cotton market closes dull, with a decline of ⅛d in lower grades, while fair qualities are easier, but not quotably lower. The sales have been 42,000 bales for the week, including 7,000 on speculation, and 2,750 by exporters. The quotations are:—New Orleans fair 7d; N O middling 6 5-16d; Mobile fair 6¾d; do middling 6 3-16d; Upland fair 6¾d; do middlings 6⅛a6 16d.

Breadstuffs.—Prices have been firm, with a large business. Flour has advanced 6dals. The lower grades of Wheat have improved 2d. For Corn the market is dull. Prices easier, but not quotably lower.

Provisions.—The market for Beef is dull, with a declining tendency. Pork is firm, with an upward tendency of prices. The market is bare of Pork and Hams, and both are wanted. There is an active speculative demand for Lard at 58a55s, an advance of 1s

Naval Stores.—Rosin is steady at 4s 9da4s 10d for common, and 9s for fine.

Southern red Wheat is quoted at 9s 2da10s; Western white 9s 9da11s.

Western Canal Flour 30a34s. Good Ohio and Southern 34s 6da36s.

Western white Corn 29a30s. Western mixed 29s 6d.

Linseed Oil is dull.

The bullion in the Bank of England has decreased £200,000. American stocks are in steady demand.

The Manchester markets are quiet.

COUNTERFEITERS.—A large gang of counterfeiters was arrested in Detroit, Michigan, on the 12th instant. Eight thousand eight hundred dollars, principally on Canadian banks, were taken from them.

LATER FROM CALIFORNIA.

The George Law arrived at New York on May 16th, bringing California dates to the 21st ult. She brought $1,670,000 in gold. She sailed from Aspinwall on the 7th inst. The Isthmus papers she brings are filled with official documents concerning the Panama riot, but no new facts have been elicited, nor any additional names of the killed and wounded furnished.

The citizens of Panama have formed a guard for the protection of property, and the authorities had placed a force at the disposal of the railroad company, so that no further violence was anticipated.

The Aspinwall papers have the correspondence between Capt. Bailey, of the United States ship St. Mary's, and the Government of Panama, relative to the late massacre. The Government, while regretting the circumstances of the riot, gives no satisfactory evidence that any measures have been taken to punish the rioters. The correspondence ends with a tart letter from Capt. Bailey, in which he says:

"I had expected, when asking for information as to the causes of the frightful occurrences on the 15th inst., that apart from the immediate origin of the tumult, you would have deemed it due to yourself, as the Chief Magistrate of this community, to state why and wherefore you undertook the fearful responsibility of ordering your police to fire upon my countrymen, women and children, and to state what steps you had taken to punish the guilty and restore the plunder.

"Ten days have elapsed since the catastrophe, and I have yet to learn that a single criminal has been arrested, or that any portion of the immense amount of valuables taken from the passengers and railroad company has been returned. I have yet to learn that your high 'concencia de mis deberes i la inteligencia de los grandes intereses que se lijain a la conservacion de este linea de transito universal' extended any further than to order an indiscriminate massacre of the passengers over this transit.

"I have yet to learn that when a riot or collision shall take place between foreigners on the one side, and natives on the other, you recognize any higher obligation on your part than to protect and assist the latter, and to disarm, murder, maltreat, and plunder the former.

"In directing my first communication to your Excellency, I had no desire to listen to apologies for certain acts, but an earnest wish to know what you did toward punishing the parties concerned in the frightful atrocity. I wanted not sophistry, but action—the names of the criminals arrested—the officials dismissed—and some allusion to plunder restored. That I have not been thus gratified, I have no reason to doubt, arises from the fact that you deem the origin of the affair a sufficient justification for the frightful conclusion."

The Panama Herald states that the wounded in the affray are all getting on as well as can be expected.

The same paper announces, on the authority of private letters, that a severe shock of an earthquake has been felt at Kingston, Jamaica, which destroyed much property, and swallowed up one half of the parish church.

From Bogota we have information that the National Congress have passed a decree declaring Carthagena a free port.

A terrible accident occurred on the Panama Railroad to the passengers who went out from New York in the George Law. The train was thrown off the track on the Obispo Bridge, about 15 miles from Panama. It consisted of twenty cars, containing over 800 persons. Of these I should presume that 300 were killed and seriously wounded.

Col. Totten writes: "We can only count, as yet, 15 killed and 60 wounded badly. The wounded have all been brought to our hospital at this place, where they are receiving the attention of our own surgeons."

Beyond the first eight cars, the injury to the passengers did not extend, except in occasional bruises, to those occupying the two passenger cars directly following the eight. Both of these latter cars were thrown from the track, and the occupants received more or less contusions. The remaining cars of the train retained their places on the rails.

Owing to the accident, the passage through could not be effected, and the passengers were sent back to Aspinwall. Over fifty wounded had arrived, two of whom died after reaching Aspinwall. The next morning there was a further arrival of the wounded and uninjured.

At the latest advices brought by the George Law, the wreck had not been wholly cleared from the road, but thirty bodies had been recovered. Very few ladies or children were injured. Among the wounded and killed were a number of brakemen employed on the road.

The only name given is that of Mr. Dalhouse, a clerk at Aspinwall, who was killed.

There had been heavy rains throughout the State during the past fortnight, which had given mining operations a new start.

The grain crops promise a most abundant harvest.

The Governor has signed the bill consolidating the city and county of San Francisco.

The Democrats had carried the municipal ticket at the recent election in Sacramento. The Republicans attempted to hold a mass meeting at the same place, but were driven from the ground with violence.

A powder vessel at Sacramento was sunk in the river on election day. Loss $70,000.

A large fire occurred at Placerville on the 16th. Loss $50,000.

Business at San Francisco was dull.

INDIAN WAR IN OREGON.—The President sent to the Senate, on May 12th, a number of documents relative to the hostilities on the Pacific coast. Gen. Wool, under date of the 20th of March, says the war on Puget's Sound will soon be brought to a close, unless prevented by Gov. Stevens's determination to carry on the war independent of the United States troops, and that the same remark is applicable to Gov. Curry, adding that these Governors appear to be running a race to see who can dip deepest into the public treasury. "In the dense forest of Puget's Sound, another Florida war can easily be carried on, at an expense of twenty or thirty millions of dollars. The same will apply to the mountain region and Puget's Sound Valley. I have no doubt I could settle the contest in a short time, if the Governors would withdraw from the contest."

Gov. Stevens says: "Gen. Wool neglected and refused to send a force for the relief of myself and party, when known to be in imminent danger, and believed by those who are best capable of judging, to be coming on to certain death; and this when he had at his command an efficient force of regular troops. He has refused to sanction an agreement made between Gen. Mason and Major Gaines, for troops to be sent to my assistance, and ordered them to be disbanded. It was reserved for the Oregon Volunteers to rescue us. There has been a breach of faith somewhere. I ask for an investigation of the above matter."

By the arrival of the Empire City at New Orleans, on May 14th, the capture and burning of the Cascades settlement by the Indians is confirmed. A body of regular troops had also been defeated by the Indians on Rogue River, with the loss of twenty-eight killed. Other fights had occurred, in which the whites were generally victorious.

In Washington Territory the Indians were attacking the settlements in every direction. A thousand Indians were reported to be approaching Dallas from the North.

RIOT AT COVINGTON, KY.—The German Turners of Cincinnati held their anniversary celebration at Covington, on the 12th inst. Some boys and young men, who had caused some annoyance, being handled rather roughly, Marshals Batts and Harvey, in attempting to arrest the Turners, were severely wounded, the former by a ball, and the latter by a sabre cut. The excitement became intense, and a large crowd collected. Some demanded the aid of the U. S. troops at the Newport garrison, but were refused. Stones were freely used, and firearms discharged, but none except the officers were much hurt. Finally, five of the Turners surrendered themselves voluntarily, and quiet was restored. The Germans say the officers did not make themselves known as such, or no resistance would have been made. The Germans were each held in $1,000 bail to answer at Court.

CORONATION.—The Emperor Alexander II. will be crowned Czar of Russia at Moscow, on the 31st August, being the fete of his Patron Saint. The expense will be about $2,500,000.

POLITICAL NEWS.

INAUGURATION OF MAYOR VAUX.—Richard Vaux, Esq., was inaugurated as Mayor of Philadelphia, on Tuesday, May 13th. The ceremony was performed in Independence Square, in the presence of the officers of the City Government, and an immense concourse of people. The weather was very fine, and, of course, favorable for the occasion.

PENNSYLVANIA.—The Edie division of the American State Council met in convention at Harrisburg on May 13th. They numbered about sixty delegates. At the afternoon session, Gen. Wm. F. Small presented a series of resolutions, ratifying the nomination of Fillmore and Donelson, as President and Vice President, denouncing the Administration for repealing the Compromises of 1850, and the Missouri Compromise, and condemning the Kansas Nebraska Act as a breach of faith and an outrage on the people.

A substitute offered by Ex. Gov. Johnston, approving of the action of the delegates who retired from the Philadelphia National Convention, and calling a Convention to be held at New York on the 12th of June was rejected, and the original resolutions adopted. Ex. Gov. Johnston, with fourteen others, then retired from the Convention. The retiring delegates held a public meeting in the evening, and are preparing an address for circulation. The ticket for State officers, nominated by the Union State Convention, was ratified. The whole vote for the resolutions ratifying the nomination was 35, and 46 out of the 64 counties of the State were not represented.

RHODE ISLAND.—The municipal election in Providence, R. I., on May 14th, resulted in the success of the entire American ticket by 500 majority.

MASSACHUSETTS.—The Anti-Fillmore portion of the delegates to the American Convention held a session at Boston on May 13th till midnight. Sixty delegates were present, Wilder S. Thurston presiding. A resolution was passed repudiating, on behalf of the American party of Massachusetts, the nomination of Fillmore and Donelson as inconsistent with the Springfield platform and the principles to which the American party stands pledged. Delegates were appointed to the National Convention at New York, to meet on the 12th of June, and a State Central Committee was chosen.

The resolution in favor of the admission of Kansas into the Union under the Free State Constitution, and declaring its speedy admission as a free State a measure of the first importance to the welfare of the territory and the tranquillity and honor of the country, passed to a third reading in the Senate on May 13th, by a vote of 26 to 2.

ANOTHER SPLIT IN THE NEW YORK DEMOCRACY.—A split has occurred in the Soft Shell wing of the Democratic party in New York. The Syracuse Convention having adopted strong pro-slavery resolutions, a minority of the delegates, some of whom have been prominent members of the Soft Shell party declare that these resolutions do not express the sentiments of the Democracy, and they have issued an Address, in which they repudiate Pierce, and take strong ground in favor of freedom in the territories. It is supposed they will unite with the Republican Party. This bolt is believed to favor the admission of the Hard Shell delegates to the Cincinnati Convention.

NEWS ITEMS.

A BLOODY YEAR.—There were 73 battles fought during the year 1855, with an average loss of 1,000 men in each; more than 300,000 soldiers are estimated to have perished by disease and battles; the battles average more than one a week—it is one of the bloodiest years in modern history.

BENEFIT FOR BARNUM.—Barnum's friends have proposed a series of benefits for him at the various places of amusement, which, if carried into effect, will last through ten days or a fortnight. Mr. Burton of Burton's Theatre, and Mr. John B. Gough have severally offered all their attractions may bring on any appointed evening, for this purpose. Tom Thumb offers his services for *every* benefit night while the benefit may last. Several newspapers have offered to do the advertising gratis. The affair will undoubtedly be successful, and furnish the first feathers for Barnum's new nest.

NICARAGUA.—The Empire City, at New Orleans on the 14th instant, brings a report that Schlessinger had been recaptured, and would be shot.

The majority of the Supreme Court have ordered the case involving the [illegible] to be argued at the December Term of the Court.

The resolution declaring the Missouri Compromise to go over till next term for reargument. The minority were prepared to take positive ground in assertion of its constitutionality.

FILIBUSTERING.—It is said that the recognition of Padre Vijil, by the President, has given an immense impetus to the Nicaraguan fever at New Orleans.

MARVELLOUS RESCUE OF MINERS.—Four miners who were buried in a coal pit, near Zanesville, Ohio, were rescued, after a confinement of *fourteen days*, on Friday night the 9th inst. The only food they had had was a dinner provided for two men. Wonderful to relate, they were able to walk and talk when taken out, and will soon be entirely well. They were rescued at a point seven hundred feet distant from the entrance of the mine. The workmen had to burrow through four hundred feet of earth and rock to get at them!

BOARD OF HEALTH.—The number of deaths during the past week in this city was 194—Adults 88, and children 106.

☞ Royalty is not always the same thing under different circumstances. For instance, when Queen Victoria goes out to ride or walk, she is dressed in silks and robes, and her progress is minutely chronicled in all the papers of the realm; while Queen Pomare, of the Society Islands, runs out and is unnoticed, going barefooted, with her toes dyed red.

☞ It has long been the policy of the devil to keep the masses of the world in ignorance; but finding at length that they will read, he is doing all in his power to poison their books.—*Kirk.*

☞ Nothing sits so graceful on a man of birth and fortune, as affability; without it he is not a gentleman, though his riches were inexhaustible.

NEW YORK MARKETS.

FLOUR—A better demand for Western Canal, and with moderate arrivals, prices are 12½c better on the low grades of State—other descriptions are firm and in fair request for the home and Eastern trade. The arrivals of common brands are limited; these have been in brisk demand for export. The sales are 10,400 bbls at $5a5,75 for common to very good Michigan, $5,75a6.25 for superfine Indiana and Upper Lake, $6a6,37½ for common to good superfine Ohio, $6.50a7 for common to fair extra Ohio, $7a7.50 for fair to good extra Ohio, and $7a10 for St. Louis brands.

Canadian Flour is firm, especially the low grades; these are less plenty. Sales of 2,300 bbls at $5,75a6,25 for superfine, and $6,37½a8,25 for extra brands. Southern Flour is less freely offered; the demand is good for the home trade and West Indies. Sales of 3,000 bbls at $5,25a7 for mixed to very good brands Baltimore, Alexandria, &c., and $7,00a8.25 for favorite, fancy and extra brands. Rye Flour is lower; the supply is ample. Sales of 230 bbls at $3a4,50 for fine and superfine. Corn Meal is less plenty; the transactions are light. Sales of Jersey at $3a3,12½, and Brandywine at $3,25a3,31½.

GRAIN—A buoyant market for Wheat; good lots are scarce and wanted; sales of 2,200 bus Southern white at $1,50a1,65 for inferior to fair; 1,500 bus mixed do at $1,50a1,55, and 15,000 bus white Canadian, including 7,000 bus prime to arrive at $1,78, and 3,000 bus fair in store at $1,65. Oats are heavy and plenty; sales of Jersey at 54a56c; State at 54a58c, and Western at 39a41c. Corn is a shade firmer, the inquiry is fair for export and the trade; sales of 42,000 bus at 47a55 for unsound; 56a57 for Southern mixed; 57a58 for do yellow, and 56a57 for Jersey.

SUGARS—Small lots here and there have comprised all the ambition that buyers could afford to spend; prices have not changed, but are feebly sustained. Sales of 520 hhds Cuba at 6¼a8c, and a few clayed do at 8½c.

MOLASSES—For foreign qualities the market appears firmer. Cuba clayed is scarce and wanted. Domestic is firm, but not active. Sales of 150 bbls New Orleans at 47a48c; 40 hhds Porto Rico at 36c; 325 hhds Muscovado at 32a33c, 10 hhds Cuba clayed at 32c, and 10 hhds Neuvitas Syrup on private terms.

HOPS—New are rather quiet. No change has occurred in prices. Sales of 15 or 20 bales in lots as wanted at 6a9c for common to choice Eastern and Western; the latter scarce.

WHISKEY—The market is decidedly better; the demand good. Sales of 500 bbls at 25½c for Jersey; 27a28c for prison, the latter price for E and D.

PROVISIONS—In Pork there is more firmness; the arrivals are limited; the demand is fair for the city trade; sales of 350 bbls at $19,12½a19,25 for mess, $16,5 a16,75 for prime mess, and $15a15,25 for prime. Beef is more active at the decline—the offerings are large; sales of 900 bbls at $7a8 for prime, $8a9,50 for country mess, and $8,50a12 for repacked mess. Prime mess is heavy at $14a17. Beef Hams are firm; sales of 50 bbls State at $13,75. Bacon is scarce and wanted; sales of 50 hhds Western smoked at 9½c. Cut meats are quite firm; the arrivals are more free; sales of 250 hhds and tcs at 7a7¾c for Shoulders, and 9¼a10c for Hams. Lard is firmly held, but the transactions are limited; sales of 230 bbls and tcs at 10¼a10⅝. Butter is not plenty, and is firm; sales of new State at 18a20c for yellow, 14a16c for white, and 13a16 for Ohio. Cheese is firm at 9¾a10c for old (prime).

May 14.—Flour is steady with sales of 6,500 bbls at $5.62a6 for straight State. Wheat is unchanged, 14,000 bushels sold at $1,50 for Southern red and $1.80 for Southern white. Corn is also steady, 17,000 bus sold. Mess Pork is unsettled, 400 bbls sold. Beef no change, 150 bbls sold. Lard is drooping, 150 bbls sold at $10½ ₱ bbl. Whiskey is not quotable, 100 bbls sold.

WEEKLY REVIEW OF THE

PHILADELPHIA MARKETS.

OFFICE OF THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, May 19th, 1856.

The bulk of the Spring Trade is over, and the operations of the past week have been, to a fair extent for the season, without any very material alteration in the prices of any of the leading articles. In Dry Goods there has been very little movement beyond trade being mostly confined to the wants of the city dealers and clothiers, who purchase only to supply their immediate wants, at nearly steady rates. The stocks of Foreign Goods are heavy, and prices favor the buyer. Of Domestics, the stocks of both Cotton and Woollen Goods are well sold up, and prices exhibit little or no alteration. Boots and Shoes and Straw Goods have also been quiet, and prices rule about stationary. Breadstuffs have been more active under the late news from abroad, but without any material variation in quotations. The Cotton market has been extremely dull, and prices have given way very considerably, without resulting in much business, most of the manufacturers being well supplied. Coal is moving off more freely, at steady rates. The Iron market is firm, but without much movement; and the stock light. In Groceries the receipts of Sugar and Molasses have been large, with more activity to notice, but Coffees are dull and declining. The Provision market is buoyant, with moderate receipts and sales of most kinds at rather better prices. Hemp has declined. Hides and Leather maintain full prices; of the latter, the stock is nearly exhausted, and prices tend upward. In Oils, Sperm and Whale are quiet, but other kinds have been more active, at fully previous prices.—Pinster is steady. Salt—Not much change. Seeds—Nothing doing. Whiskey has advanced, and the market is, at the close, nearly bare. Wool is quiet, and buyers holding off for the new clip. In other articles there are no important changes to note since the close of last week.

ASHES—The market continues unsettled and drooping, but there is little or no stock here.

BARK is wanted at the advance, and the small lots arriving, some 80a90 hhds first No 1 found ready sale at $35. Nothing doing in Tanners' Bark.

BEESWAX—Is firmer. There is a very little offering, and good Yellow is quoted at 27a23c ₱ lb, holders asking the latter rates.

BREAD—There is a moderate business doing, both for shipment and home use, within the range of quotations.

COAL—The receipts and sales are on the increase, and the market generally is more active, but without any alteration to notice in prices.

CANDLES—Remain about stationary, with the usual business to notice in Sperm and Adamantine. Tallow Candles are dull.

COFFEE—The market remains inactive, and prices are unsettled and drooping—the week's sales only reaching some 4000 bags, chiefly Rio, taken in small lots at from 10 to 11½c, on the usual terms—including about 2000 bags rejected as damaged, sold by auction at 9.9½c, cash, and 750 mats Java at 14¼a14½c, usual terms.

COTTON—The foreign news has depressed the market, and buyers, being mostly well supplied, are holding off for lower prices. The week's transactions have been of a very limited character generally, and at very irregular figures—only reaching some 750 bales, chiefly low grades, at from 10 to 12c for Uplands and Gulfs, on the usual terms. Prices at the close are fully ½c off the quotations of last week, and the market very dull.

DRUGS AND DYES—The market for articles under this head remains very dull, but without any particular alteration to note; the only sales we hear of are some 500 tons Crude Brimstone, sold before arrival at private terms.

FEATHERS—Continue scarce, with a small business doing but at rather lower rates, and 4a5000 lbs good Western have been disposed of at 50c ₱ lb.

FISH—The country demand has fallen off, and the market is dull. Some further small sales of Mackerel have been made from the vessel in the fore part of the week, on terms not public, but business has since been very quiet. Store prices range at $22 and 14¼ for 1s; $14 and 7½ for 2s; and $7 and 5½ ₱ bbl for 3s of large and medium size. In Herring and Codfish there is little or nothing doing.

FRUIT—Oranges and Lemons continue to arrive freely, and further sales to some extent have been made from the vessel at from $1 to $3 ₱ box, according to condition. Raisins are scarce and firm, with a small business doing. Nothing new in domestic fruits, and sales limited.

FLOUR AND MEAL—The foreign news has imparted a better feeling to the market for Flour, and the demand both for shipment and home consumption has been more active during the past week, but without much variation to notice in quotations. Transactions for export reach about 15,000 bbls in lots, mostly at $6 for standard and good straight brands, including a few small lots Mixed Western, packed up early in the week, at $5,75; 600 bbls Howard street at a price not public; 1500 bbls Western extra, at $6,25; 1000 bbls selected Lancaster county brands at the same price; 1200 bbls extra family at $6,75a7, and 400 bbls fancy family Flour at $8a8,75 ₱ bbl. At the close, holders generally were not the sellers at $6 ₱ bbl for standard and superfine. The home trade have also been buying to a fair extent, within the above range of prices. Rye Flour is dull and rather lower, and about 1000 bbls have been sold in lots, mostly at $3,62½ ₱ bbl. Corn Meal is quiet, but about 450 bbls have been disposed of at $2,50 for Penn'a Meal, and $2,37½ for Brandywine, mostly at the former rate.—The inspections for the week are 1a,34i bbls Flour; 2,970 bbls Corn Meal; 15 puncheons do, and 544 bbls Rye Flour.

GRAIN—Has been arriving more freely during the past week, and prices of sound lots rule about stationary; some 40,000 bushels of Wheat have been taken for shipment and milling at 125a130c for inferior to choice Reds, and 131a136c for White of inferior to good quality—including some prime lots of the latter on terms not public. Rye has been in steady demand, and 13,000 bushels of Pennsylvania and Western have changed hands at 72a73c—mostly at the former rate. Corn is also in steady request, with further sales of 70,000 bushels, mostly for shipment, at 54c for prime dry Southern Yellow, including White at 51c afloat; 56c for good Pennsylvania Yellow in store, and 53a55c for damaged lots, which are very unsaleable. Oats have ruled rather dull, but some 20,000 bushels have been sold in lots at 31c for inferior, and 33a34c for prime Southern, including Jersey, at the latter rate, and Penn'a at 35a37c ₱ bushel.

GUANO—Trade has fallen off this week, the active season being about over, but there is no change in quotations. A cargo of Columbian has arrived, and sales range at $35a40 ₱ ton, as to lots. The latter is coming largely into use. The reports from farmers who applied it last season to their crops, are exceedingly favorable—particularly where it was applied to spring crops.

GINSENG—There is little or none offerng or selling, and the market remains quiet.

HEMP—Prices are unsettled and lower, and about 150 bales undressed Western was sold at $155a160 ₱ ton, on the usual credit.

HIDES—The market is less active, but the stock in first hands is light, and there is no change in prices to notice.—The Porto Cabello hides of the late arrivals remain unsold.

HOPS—Are firm, with a small business to note at 8a10c for Eastern and Western.

IRON—The foreign advices continue favorable for this staple, but at present the demands for American Pig do not compare with the orders some weeks since, the aggregate sales for this year's delivery have already been such as to warrant the present apparent inactivity. Prices are firmly maintained. Bars are quite active. Nails have yielded 25c, and are now quoted at $3,90 a 4. Other descriptions of Iron are firm. About 100 tons Bloom have been sold at $70 a 75, principally at $72½, 6 mos; and 500 tons Anthracite Pig No. 3, on the Susquehanna, on terms not public.

LEAD—The market is quiet, and we are only advised of sales to the extent of about 50₱ Pigs Spanish at 7c ₱ lb.

LEATHER—Continues active, but the want of stock limits operations, and prices have an upward tendency, the demand being far in advance of the receipts.

LUMBER—Is arriving freely, and White Pine Boards are moving off at $15 a 20, as in quality. Hemlock Scantling is selling at $7 a 7,75. Yellow Sap Boards continue plenty and dull at $13 a $15. Shingles no change, and Cedar are selling at steady rates. Of Laths, about 1,000,000 Eastern have been sold at $1,30 a 1,60 ₱ M, the latter for extra quality.

MOLASSES—The receipts of Foreign have been large, part of which has been previously disposed of at 32a 33c for Cuba, on time, the market closing with a good demand and firm. New Orleans continues in request, and scarce, at 47a 49c ₱ gallon.

NAVAL STORES—There is a moderate business doing in Spirits Turpentine at the advance, and prices range at 44 a 46c, cash and time. About 2,000 bbls of Rosin have been held at $1,70 for common, and $1,85 a 2 for No. 2. Of Tar and Pitch sales of 500 bbls have been made at about $2 for the former, and $1,75 a 2 ₱ bbl for the latter.

OILS—There is very little movement in Fish Oils, and prices remain about stationary. Lard Oil has been more active at 85 a 88c, the latter for Winter. Linseed is also better, and sales are making at 82 a 84c, the latter for small lots. Of Red Oil some 500 bbls have been sold at equal to 60c, cash.

PROVISIONS—The receipts and sales continue light, and there is not much doing in the way of sales, owing to the firmness of holders. Mess Pork is scarce, and held at $19,50, which is an advance. Of Beef the sales continue limited at $17 a 17,50 ₱ bbl for City Mess. Bacon is moving off rather more freely, at 11 a 13c for Hams, as in quality; 8½ a 8¾c for Shoulders, and 9½ a 9¾c for Sides, the latter for Western smoked to go South. Of Green Meats 500 casks have been disposed of at 9½ a 9¾c for Hams, 8½ a 8¾c for Sides, and 7½ a 7¾c for Shoulders, cash and short time, the market closing with an upward tendency. Lard is also better and scarce, with a small business doing at 10½ a 11c for bbls and tcs, and 11½ a 11¾c for kegs. Butter and Cheese are dull, the receipts and sales are light, and prices about the same.

PLASTER—Continues in steady demand, and several cargoes have been disposed of at about $3,75 ₱ ton.

Rice remains inactive, with a small business only to notice at 4 a 4½c ₱ lb.

SALT—An import of about 1,300 sacks Liverpool ground was disposed of, on arrival, at a price not public, said to be at a slight decline. Some 680 sacks fine have also arrived to dealer.

SUMAC—Sales of about 2,000 bags Sicily are reported at $75 a 82,50 ₱ ton, according to brand.

SEEDS—The active season is over, and the market remains pretty much at a stand as regards sales. Cloverseed is quoted at $6, and Timothy at $2,25 a 2,50 ₱ bush, but there is very little offering or selling. Flaxseed is also dull at 155 a 160c ₱ bushel for domestic. A sale of 500 bush Calcutta Linseed was made on terms not public.

SPIRITS—There is very little doing in Brandy and Gin, and prices are firm; a cargo of the former has just arrived from Rochelle. N. E. Rum is steady at 42 a 45c, as in quality. Whiskey is very scarce, and prices have advanced considerably, hhds having been sold at 26 a 27c, and bbls at 27 a 28c ₱ gallon.

SUGARS—Have been arriving quite freely, but the demand at the close is better, and prices are fully supported, the week's sales reaching about 1,500 hhds, mostly made within the last three days, at from 7 a 8½c, on the usual terms; the bulk of the sales were of Cuba and Porto Rico, at 7½ a 8½c.

TEAS—There is a fair business doing in the way of sales, without any variation in prices.

TOBACCO—The market is quiet, but firm, with a very reduced stock of Leaf on sale. Manufactured is steady, with a moderate business to notice.

WINES—Are firm, with small transactions, at full prices.

WOOL—The market, as is usually the case at this season, has been quiet, but without any material alteration to notice in regard to prices; there has been some little movement in fine fleece, to go East, and about 5,000 lbs have been disposed of within the range of 50 a 55c, on time. The stock generally is light, but buyers are holding off for the new clip to come into market.

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKET.

The demand for Beef Cattle continues active, and prices are well sustained. The receipts this week have been of a superior quality, including some droves from Ohio and Virginia, but the greater part came from the Western counties of this State, and some very prime lots from Lancaster and Chester counties. The whole receipts were about 950 head. They were all sold to the city butchers, (except one drove from Lancaster county, of extra prime quality, which the owners refused to sell at the prices offered) within the range of $9a10,50 ₱ 100 lbs.

Cows and Calves are in fair demand, and sell at $35a75, as in quality. Good Milch Cows are in demand at the latter figure.

Veals sell at 6½ a 7½c ₱ lb.

Hogs are in good demand. About 2,000 head were disposed of this week at Singer's Yard, at $7,25 a 8 ₱ 100 lbs.

Sheep and Lambs—3,000 head were brought in. The demand was limited, and several hundred head were left over. Prices ruled from $1,50 a 4,50 for ordinary qualities, though a few realized higher figures. Lambs sold at $2,75 a 3,75 each, as in quality.

Hay is rather lower, and prices range at 100 a 130c ₱ 100 lbs, the latter of very good lots.

BALTIMORE MARKETS.

COFFEE—The market is firm, but we have no transactions to report. We continue to report medium to fair Rio at 10¾a11¼c, good to prime do 11¾a11¾c, Laguayra at 11¾a11¾c, and Java at 14¾a15c.

FLOUR—There were sales of 200 bbls Howard Street, and 350 bbls Ohio, at $6. There were several buyers on 'Change at this figure, and considerable lots would have been taken, but holders were generally firm in asking $6,12½. There were no sales of City Mills reported. We note a sale on late 'Change of 200 barrels Ohio at $6. Family and Extra Flour—The transactions are light, at former rates. We quote Baltimore ground family at $8a8,50, and extra do at $8a8,50; Howard St extra at $7a7,25. There was a sale of 100 bbls Howard Street extra at $7. Rye Flour—The market continues very dull.—We continue to quote as $4. Corn Meal—Small sales are making at $3 for City, and $2,50 for Country brands.

GRAIN—The receipts of all kinds were light. Wheat was firm and in demand, but Corn was dull. The receipts were 9,500 bushels. Sales of 4,000 bushels good to prime Red at 140a145c; 2,000 bushels White at 155a170c for fair to prime, and 173 for choice; there were also sales of 2,500 bushels prime, the terms for which not made public. Corn—The offerings were 3,000 bushels. Sales of White at 44a43c. There were no sales of Yellow reported. We quote it at 50a52c. Rye—There were only 60 bushels offered, but no sales reported. We quote Maryland at 60a65c, and Western Virginia and Pennsylvania at 70c. Oats—The offerings were 3,000 bushels, which was mostly sold at 32c, which is a slight advance.

BUTTER—There is quite a brisk demand for fresh Glades and Goshen Butter, and sales of considerable lots have been made at 20a22c. The transactions in old Glades have also been large, at 12½a15c. the latter price being for a prime article.—The stock of Western Butter has become very much reduced, and we now quote it at 12a14c for fair; City Packed Butter is worth 16c and new Roll 16a18c.

WHISKEY—The market is somewhat weaker. We quote City at 25a26½c, and Ohio at 26½a27c.

May 19.—Wheat firm, with sales of Red at 140a145c, White 165a180c. Corn dull at 44a50c for White, 47a53c for Yellow.—Sales of 600 bbls Flour at $6 for Ohio and Howard Street. The latter is generally held at $6,12½.

NEW YORK CATTLE MARKET.

AT ALLERTON'S—The quality of Beef Cattle on sale, was a decided improvement upon the offerings of any previous day this Spring, and notwithstanding a fair demand prevailed, an average decline of one cent per pound was established, consequent upon a largely increased supply. The avenues of communication with the western States are said to be taxed to their utmost capacity, in conveying stock to the seaboard, and nothing but a well organized collusion among the brokers and drovers can prevent prices falling back to something like the quotations current a few years ago, during the summer. The supply of Cattle in the interior was never so abundant as at present and with the facilities for rapid communication we now have, there is not the slightest excuse for exacting the exorbitant prices from consumers that have been paid during the past two years. The number on sale, was 3,315, making the week's supply 3,464 head. The range was from 7½ to 10½ cents per pound for inferior to extra, and the average was about 9½.

Cows and Calves were in moderate supply, and realized $30a

AFFAIRS IN KANSAS.

The Lawrence correspondence of the Democrat, under date of the 7th inst., says indictments for high treason have been found against Gov. Reeder, Gov. Robinson, Roberts, Lane and other Free State men.

Gov. Robinson, journeying to the East on business, was seized at Lexington by a party of Missourians, and detained on the allegation that he was fleeing from Kansas to avoid arrest by the Government:

Advices from St. Louis, Mo., dated May 18th, state that the wife of Gov. Robinson, has arrived there, and has published a statement of her husband's detention in Lexington. She denies that he was aware of the indictment against him previous to leaving the Territory.

It is said that Gov. Shannon has sent an express to Lexington, Mo., with the papers necessary for the arrest and return of Mr. Robinson. The Committee of Investigation are in session at Leavenworth. It is understood that Mr. Oliver will present a minority report when the Committee return to Washington.

A letter from Kansas, dated the 9th inst., states that the Missourians having threatened to destroy the testimony of the Investigating Committee, sealed packages of the proceedings, up to the time of the departure of Mr. Robinson, were placed in charge of that gentleman to be conveyed to Washington. These despatches were not discovered in possession of Mr. R. after his arrest at Lexington; his wife, at his request, having proceeded with them. Had it not been for this, she would have remained with her husband.

News has been brought to Lawrence, by Missourians, that secret handbills are circulating, and forces marshalling on the border counties. The people are warned to prepare for defence.

Col. Sumner, the veteran commander of the U. S. military forces in Kansas, though required by orders of the War Department to act against the Free State men, is said to be at heart warmly attached to their principles. The despatches sent eastward, attributing to Colonel Sumner the utterance of foolish threats against the people of Lawrence, were all false. The troops have gone back to Fort Leavenworth, so the St. Louis Republican says, and will not be called thence unless in a case of great emergency. The same paper says that "the execution of civil process in Lawrence is out of the question—they defy all attempts of the kind."

This seems to show that the great mass of the people in that locality are opposed to the laws of the Shannon Legislature, although the representatives who sat in that body, and helped make them, profess to have been elected in Lawrence by some seven hundred votes.

At last accounts Sheriff Jones was paralyzed in body from the effects of his bullet wound, and no hopes were entertained of his recovery. A despatch from Washington to the New York Tribune, says that there is good reason to believe that Jones was shot by a woman, as the widowed women in that region have been rendered desperate by the absence of law to punish the murderers of their husbands. Considerable indignation was felt by the people generally, that Jones, being a resident of Westport, Mo., should yet be officiating as Sheriff in Kansas.

Another shooting affair has since occurred. The sufferer is a Free State man—a Mr. Mace, who lives some five miles from Lawrence. He had previously been shot at twice, and on the evening in question received a bullet in his leg. The shooter in this case is also unknown. An indignation meeting was held in Lawrence on the matter, but the tone of the speakers is stated to have been very mild and conservative.

Gov. Shannon has been visiting Lawrence. He is reported to be deeply moved by the fact of Jones being shot, and has offered $500 reward for the guilty person. As yet he has offered no reward for the shooter of Mr. Mace, nor for the murderers of Brown, and Barber, and Dow.

NEWS FROM THE ISTHMUS.—The brig Amoonoosuck, Capt. Harford, arrived from Aspinwall at Charleston, S. C., on the 14th inst., bringing news from the Isthmus up to the 24th ult. Everything was quiet at Panama and on the railroad when he left. The U. S. sloop of war St. Mary's had reached Panama, and her commander had taken immediate steps to examine into the cause of the late unfortunate riot. It was reported that a warm correspondence had taken place between the commander of the St. Mary's and the Governor of Panama, and that the latter had thought it prudent to remove his family from the place, and that he also was about leaving.

Capt. Harford states that it is thought at Aspinwall that the natives originated the disturbance for the purpose of plunder, many of them having been thrown out of employment by the completion of the railroad, who had formerly received considerable amounts for transporting passengers across the Isthmus by canoes and mules, and many of which class are now mere bush rangers, who only await a suitable opportunity to plunder. This class can only be held in check by the fear of immediate punishment; and it is believed that it will be necessary for this Government to station a naval or military force at Panama, to ensure safety to passengers on the route.

RECOGNITION OF THE NICARAGUAN GOVERNMENT.—Padre Vijil presented to the President, on May 14th, his credentials as Minister from Nicaragua, and was promptly received.

All the Foreign Legations have determined not to recognize Padre Vijil, socially or officially.

Secretary Marcy sent for M. Marcoleta, the resident Minister from Nicaragua, as an act of courtesy, and informed him of the determination of the administration to receive Padre Vijil as the Minister from the new government of Nicaragua. M. Marcoleta complained of it as violative of the laws of God and of Nations, entering his solemn protest against the proceeding, and informing Mr. Marcy that he should prepare an expose of all the facts, to be communicated by him to the members of the Diplomatic Corps resident near this Government.

PROGRESS IN EGYPT.—Of the capital stock of the Suez Canal, 45,000,000 of francs worth was reserved to be subscribed by Egypt, and of that the Viceroy took in all some 15,000,000. The remainder was entirely subscribed in three da by the public, and 1,900,000 of the amount w taken by fifty native Egyptians of the ancie race, being the first known instance of the part cipation of that people in an industrial enterpri of a national or corporate character.

☞ THE ELECTRIC OIL AND DR. SMITH "*Study your Health*"

"For want of timely care,
Millions have died of medicable wounds."

PHILADELPHIA, May 15th, 1856.—*Dr. Smith.*—I suffered under a severe attack of rheumatism the pa eighteen months, and have tried everything known the practice, from the best M. D.'s; but truth prompt me to say that your *Electric Oil* gave me more *permanent relief* than all else I have tried. I was confined to bed for six months, unable to move hand or foot, but as my wife tenderly moved them. People often heard my groans from the street, such was the agony I often endured. I am gratified in being able to recommend it to others. Give it a trial and it will speak for itself.

Yours, &c., DAVID CAMPBELL BUCHANAN,
Shippen Street, above Broad.

Caution!—Dr. Smith has often cautioned the people to beware of insidious poisons that may be absorbed into the blood, and have a deleterious effect upon the system The genuine Electric Oil is a soothing application, even in the mouth of a delicate child. Dr. Smith has often used it with the happiest results on his *five little children*, and they were cured of mumps in two days, whooping cough in three days last year, and it is confidently relied on to save them from anything like a tendency to consumption in more advanced years. Come and see their ruddy health.

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☞ DYSPEPTICS, READ! The Oxygenated Bitters have proved more successful than all other remedies known, in cases of Dyspepsia and General Debility. Those who doubt this statement can find ample proof in one trial of the medicine.

SHAVING MADE EASY.—Wet your shaving-brush in either warm or cold water, pour on two or three drops of "Balm of a Thousand Flowers," rub the beard well and it will make a beautiful soft lather, much facilitating the operation of shaving. Price only Fifty Cents. FETRIDGE & Co., Proprietors, New York.

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TO NERVOUS SUFFERERS.

A retired Clergyman, restored to health in a few days, after many years of great nervous suffering, is anxious to make known the means of cure. Will send (free) the prescription used. Direct the Rev JOHN M. DAGNALL, No. 59 Fulton street, Brooklyn, New York. my10-4t

A VOICE FROM VIRGINIA.

CABIN POINT, Surry Co., Va.

Dr. Seth S. Hance:—I was in Baltimore in April, 1854, and from a paper I received of yours was induced to buy a box of your Pills, recommended as a sovereign cure for the Epileptic Fits. At that time one of my servants had been afflicted with fits about twelve years. When reaching home, I commenced with the pills according to directions. I do not think she has had one since. My wife, though, is somewhat induced to believe she may have had one only. Enclosed you will find five dollars, for which you will please forward me two boxes. I suppose you can forward them by mail. Your compliance will oblige me. Yours respectfully,

M. P. SLEDGE.

Dr. Hance's Epileptic Pills are also a sovereign remedy for every modification of nervous diseases.

Sent to any part of the country by mail, free of postage. Address *Seth S. Hance*, 108 Baltimore street, Baltimore, Md. Price, one box, $3; two, $5; twelve, $24.

CONSUMPTIVES READ THE FOLLOWING:

I have found your EXPECTORANT a valuable article in a very troublesome, persistent cough that I have had for many years, which depended on a disposition of the Bronchia to take a morbid action pending changes in the weather. It has been relieved by LESS THAN A SINGLE BOTTLE. I opened the bottle for the benefit of an infant child, whose lungs were laboring under an engorgement of mucus—after premising an emetic at first, I have found the Expectorant sufficient ever since—a portion of the bottle cured my cough. I am now giving it to a relative who has a predisposition to ASTHMA, whose health is improving under its use. The improved weather no doubt a favorable influence—but I shall persevere in its use. Signed D. LAUDURDALE,
Winnsboro, Fairfield Dist, So. Ca.

JAYNE'S LIQUID HAIR DYE will instantaneously change the Hair from ANY OTHER COLOR to a BEAUTIFUL BLACK without injury to the skin.

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THE THROAT AND LUNGS.

DR. ROBERT HUNTER desires to announce that, for the information and guidance of those who are suffering from affections of the Throat and Lungs, he has established a Family Medical Paper, entitled "THE SPECIALIST, AND JOURNAL OF DISEASES OF THE CHEST," in which will be found a full exposition of his views on every subject connected with Pulmonary diseases.

The February number contains—in addition to much information which should be read by every one predisposed to or suffering from either Catarrh, Bronchitis, Asthma, or Consumption—an extended explanation of the method of treatment by INHALATION.

Dr. HUNTER would also announce that he has opened branch establishments for the treatment of these diseases at Philadelphia, Baltimore, and Washington.

These offices are placed under the professional charge of skillful and accomplished resident Physicians, who have enjoyed, in Europe and in association with him in New York, long and great experience in the treatment of Pulmonary diseases. Patients resident in those cities will, therefore, in future enjoy all the advantages of Dr. HUNTER'S advice and treatment under the most favorable auspices.

These arrangements are rendered necessary by the empricisms practiced under the name of *Inhalation*, both by wandering quacks, who, in many instances, use Dr. HUNTER'S name for their own purposes, and by the sale of *inhaling nostrums* at the drug stores throughout the country. Such influences tend to bring discredit on Inhalation and to discourage persons from availing themselves of this, the only scientific and successful mode of treating diseases of the Respiratory Organs

In chronic affections of the Throat and Lungs there is no difficulty attending the treatment of cases by correspondence; and for the convenience of those wishing to avail themselves of his treatment, Dr. HUNTER has prepared a List of Questions which will enable them to give a more full and explicit statement of their cases. This List, together with a number of "THE SPECIALIST," will be forwarded on application to either of the following addresses:

New York—Dr. ROBERT HUNTER, No. 828 Broadway.
Philadelphia—Dr. F. MORSON, No. 302 Walnut Street.
Baltimore—Dr. J. B. WILLIAMS, No. 52½ North Charles Street.

NOTE—Dr. MORSON can always be consulted *personally*, as well as by letter, at his residence, No. 302 Walnut Street, Philadelphia.

"THE SPECIALIST" is published at $1 a year in advance. A specimen copy sent free, by addressing the Publishers, SHERMAN & Co., Astor House, New York; or the Editor, Dr. ROBERT HUNTER. ap26-tf

MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

At the residence of Major Geo. Gimer, by the Rev. B. Swartzell, on the 16th inst. Mr. ALEXANDER C. EWING, of Fulton, Mo. to Miss LIZZIE GIMER, of Bethany, Va.

On the 26th ult. by the Rev. B. Swartzell, Mr P. B. EVANS, of Leesburg, Ky. to Miss SALLIE A. SHRIMPLIN, daughter of Judge Shrimplin, of Bethany, Va.

At the residence of Eld. Wm. Toner, on the 10th inst. by the Rev. B Swartzell, Dr. F. M. GANS, of Centreville, Ky. to Mrs. JANE DOW, wife of the Hon John C. Dow, deceased. New York and Cincinnati papers please copy.

On Tuesday, May 13th, by the Rev. Mr. Odenheimer, MATTHEW HUIZINGA MONTGOMERY, Attorney-at-Law, of Philadelphia, to Miss ELMIRA MCKENTY, youngest, daughter of the late Wm. McKenty, of Chester county, Penna.

On the 6th instant, by the Rev. G. Durborow, Mr. THOMAS BLAIR, to Miss BESSIE KANE, both of this city.

On the 6th instant, by the Rev. A. G. McAuley, Mr. GEORGE MCALPIN, to Miss ELIZABETH B. MCCOY, all of this city.

On the 25th of Dec. by John G. Wilson, V. D. M., Mr SAMUEL CUSLER, of Richmond, to Miss MATILDA H. CAVE, daughter of the late Henry Cave, of Rising Sun Village.

On the 5th instant, by the Rev. Geo. Duffield, Jr. Mr. GEORGE GANDY, of Cedarville, N. J. to Miss CAROLINE HARRIS, of Philadelphia.

On the 6th instant, by the Rev. R. Cheney, at Norristown, Pa, Mr. WARREN S. BURGESS, to Miss EMMA G. WALLACE, all of that place.

On the 13th instant, by the Rev. H. A. Boardman, Mr. LEWIS MULFORD, to Miss AMANDA STANFORD, both of Millville, Cumberland county, N. J.

On the 1st instant, by the Rev. Doctor Clay, Mr WILLIAM MCFEETER, formerly of Derrybeg, county Derry, Ireland, to Miss JANE A. DAVIDSON, of this city.

On the 12th ultimo, by the Rev. Jos H. Jones, Mr. JOHN WEST, to Miss ISABELLA NIGHTINGALE, both of this city.

On the 14th ultimo, by the same, Mr. WILSON D. COLLINS, to Miss ELIZABETH SMITH, both of this city.

On the 21st Nov. 1854, by the Rev. Wm. H. Elliott, Mr. JOHN DUNHAM, to Miss MARY J. RUBINCAM, all of this city.

On the 17th inst. by the Rev. T. S. Johnston, Mr. NATHANIEL FAGER, to Miss MARIA WELDON, both of Mantua, Philadelphia.

On the 1st instant, by the Rev. A. Atwood, Mr. WILLIAM K. ELDRIDGE, to Miss SARAH B. STRATTON, all of this city.

On the 8th instant, by the Rev. J. H. A. Bomberger, CHARLES D JAMES, to LIZZIE, daughter of Wm. Neal, all of this city.

On the 12th instant, by the Rev. George Chandler, Mr. GEORGE H. SHEEBLE, to Miss LIZZIE JONES, both of this city.

On the 18th March, by the Rev. Thomas C. Murphy, Mr. WILLIAM S. BARGER, to Miss ELIZA J HARISTER, both of this city.

On the 7th instant, by the Rev. Joseph H. Kennard, CHARLES K. NEISSER, to Miss WILLAMINA C. NEISSER, both of this city.

On the 6th instant, by the Rev. Charles Brown, Mr. DANIEL HARTMAN, to Miss MARY STUART, all of Philadelphia

On the 8th instant, by the Rev. George Chandler, Mr. JOHN S. NORMAN, of Pittsburg, Pa. to Miss MARY A. CHRISTIE, of Baltimore, formerly of Philadelphia.

On the 12th instant, by the Rev S. G. Hare, Dr. JOHN F. LONGENBERRY, to Miss SARAH J. RUTLEDGE, she being 18 years.

On the 13th inst. JOHN, son of John and Mary McLane, aged 3 years and 5 months.

On the 13th inst. MARY A CHERRY, aged 4 years.

On the 13th inst. Mr. JOHN GORDON, aged 35 years.

On the 13th inst THOMAS DOUGHERTY, aged 2 years and 5 months.

On the 14th inst. CATHERINE REASE, aged 13 months.

On the 14th inst. JOHN ADDAN, son of Peter and Catharine Dade, aged 2 years and 6 months.

At Chicago, Ill. on the 3d inst. AMANDA, wife of Thos. Gibbons, formerly of Philada. aged 34 years.

On the 13th inst. JOSEPH JACKSON, aged 17 years.

On the 12th inst. RESSE G. EVANS, formerly of Chester, Del. county, Pa. aged 32 years

On the 13th instant, GEORGE, son of James and Eliza Haslett, aged 2 years.

On the 12th inst. Mr. JOSEPH BRITTIN, aged 29 years.

On the 11th inst BENJ HESS, aged 70 years.

On the 12th inst MARGARET G. SAGE, aged 26 years.

On the 12th inst. Mrs. MARGARET MUSCHERT, aged 48.

On the 14th inst. at Camden, N. J, EUNICE, wife of Dr. Wm. Dickeson, aged 23 years.

At Manayunk, on the 12th instant, PATRICK PEOPLES, aged 80 years.

On the 11th inst. Mrs. LOUISA, wife of Gotlelb Snyder, aged 31 years.

On the 11th inst THOMAS H. FENTON, aged 35 years.

On the 12th inst. MARY, wife of John Garity, aged 54.

On the 11th inst. Mrs. ANN T. GRAHAM, aged 37.

On the 10th inst Mrs. MARY FORDHAM, aged 70 years.

On the 12th inst. at Mount Holly, Mrs. AMELIA AGER, aged 41 years.

On the 12th inst. LUCINA C. SWETHENHAM, aged 49.

On the 9th inst. ALICE, daughter of John and Margaret O'Driscoll, aged 10 years and 7 months.

On the 10th inst. Mrs. ELLEN SMITH, aged 27 years.

On the 11th inst ROBERT MORRIS, aged 54 years.

On the 10th instant, RACHEL A. BRESSFORD, aged 20 years.

On the 10th inst. Mr. JOHN SIDMAN, Sr. aged 68 years.

On the 12th inst. Mrs. ANNA J. ABBOTT, aged 25.

On the 16th inst. WILLIAM HENRY, son of John B. and Elizabeth Newberry, aged 12 years.

On the 9th inst. HANNAH GORMAN, aged 62 years.

On the 11th inst. SUSANNA FIELD.

On the 10th inst. GEORGE OSCAR, son of Wm. K. and Hulda Mooney, aged 2 years and 5 months.

On the 11th inst. MALVINA TEURN, daughter of Augustus and Mary Sargent, aged 3 years and 4 months.

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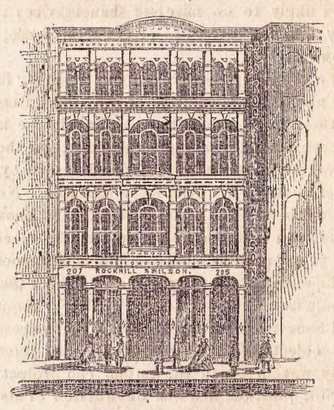

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Every farmer should have one of these invaluable Rakes. They are far superior to, and will eventually supercede, all others now in use. The following certificate will give some idea of their utility It is from Mr. Kirkbride Rickey, who for some years cultivated the well known Badger Farm of 600 acres (near Bristol). Mr. Rickey has done an unusual amount of haying and harvesting, and his opinion is entitled to great weight.

"DELANO'S INDEPENDENT TOOTH RAKE has been used by the undersigned since its first introduction into Bucks County, and he does not hesitate to testify to its great superiority, in every particular, over the best revolving rake in use. It combines speed in action, with the capacity to perform the work effectually; adaptation to all surfaces, however irregular; passes freely over stones, and deposits the hay in loose wind-rows, thus admitting the circulation of air. *It does not brush off the leaves of clover* As a *gleaner*, it is invaluable—may be used without reference to dew or sunshine—does not beat out the grain, and *collects the straw with entire freedom from dust.* Every farmer who has used a Revolving Rake can judge of these advantages over the Revolver. My Independent Tooth Rake has more than repaid its cost in a single season

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Wit and Humor.

A LEAP YEAR LOVE SCENE.

Young Albert Ringwood sat at home on New Year's day, in dishabille. His beard was unshaved, his hair was uncombed, his boots were unblacked, and he was leaning back in a picturesque attitude, with his heels against the mantel-piece, smoking a cigar. Albert thought to himself that this was leap-year, and how glorious it would be if the ladies could be induced to pop the question, in accordance with their ancient privileges. As he sat and watched the smoke which so gracefully curled, his fancy glowed with the idea. How delightful it would be to have the dear creatures fondling on him, and with tender glances endeavoring to do the agreeable. As he meditated, his heart softened, and he began to feel a squeamish, womanish sensibility diffuse itself over his feelings, and thought he would faint with propriety the first time a lady should squeeze his hand.

"Rap, rap, rap," sounded the door. Albert peeped through the Venetian blinds. "Mercy," exclaimed he, "and if there isn't Miss Jones, and I all in dishabille, and looking like a fright. Goodness gracious! I must go right away and fix myself."

As he left the room, Miss Susan Jones entered, and with composed air intimated that she would wait. Susan Jones was a firm believer in woman's rights, and now that the season was propitious she determined to take the advantage thereof, and do a little courting on her own hook. It was only woman's privilege, which had been usurped by the tyrant, and she was determined to assert her rights in spite of the hollow formalities of a false system of society.

Meanwhile, with palpitating heart, Albert went through a series of personal adornments. The last twist was given to his collar, the last curl to his whiskers, and with white cambric in hand, he descended to the parlor. Miss Jones rushed to receive him, and grasping his hand with fervor, said: "Dearest, how beautiful you look," accompanying her words with a glance of undisguised admiration.

"Spare the blushes of a modest young man," said Albert, applying his cambric to his face to hide his confusion.

"Nay, my love, why so coy?" said Susan; "turn not away those lovely eyes, dark as the jet, but sparkling as the diamond. Listen to the vows of the fondest affection. Here let us rest," said she, drawing him to the sofa; "here, with my arm round thee, will I protest my true affection."

"Leave me, oh, leave me," murmured Albert; "think of my youth, my inexperience—spare, oh, spare my palpitating heart."

"Leave thee," said Susan, pressing him closer to her, "never, until the story of restless nights, of unquiet days, of aspirations, fond emotions, and undying love is laid before thee. Know that for years I have nursed for thee a secret passion. Need I tell how each manly beauty moved me; how I worshiped like a sunflower in the lurid light of those scarlet tresses; how my fond heart was entrapped in the meshes of those magnificent whiskers; how I was willing to yield up to the government of that 'imperial,' thy manners, so modest, so delicate, enchanted me—were joy to me—for thy joy was my joy. My heart is thine—take it—but first let me snatch one kiss from those ruby lips."

The over-wrought feelings of the delicate youth were too strong, and he fainted from excess of joy. Meanwhile the enamored maiden hung fondly over him, and—

Slowly the eyes of Albert opened—he gazed wildly round him—then meeting the ardent gaze of his "lover," he blushed deeply, and behind his 'kerchief faintly faltered out—"Ask my pa."

High Prices among the Ancient Mariners.—The following yarn, which was related by an old friend, about the proclivities of ancient mariners in the city of New Bedford to draw on their imaginations, is good:

A dozen old Captains are seated round old Uncle Johnny Coggshall's grocery store one winter's day. Says old Captain Ben Nash, "I guess I got more in the West Indies for herrin' than any other man about this place."

"How much did you get, Uncle Ben?"

"Well, you see, I was bound to the Windward Islands and a market, and just as I had got all my cargo aboard, I was cypherin' on my log slate how long I should possible be from home, when I found that I should, with luck, reach Kitt's about lent. Thinks I, I'll take a barrel of herrin' on speculation. I had a good passage, and got there just in the nick of time, and sold 'em off well.

"How much did you get, Uncle Ben?" asked some of the old salts, who with pencil in hand, were making notes to try and catch Uncle Ben foul; "how much did you get?"

"Well, I can't say exactly how much, but I put the money back into the barrel after the herrin' was out, and I could scarcely crowd the head in."

"What did you get a-piece for the herrin'?"

"I sold 'em for a dollar a-piece!"

"Ah, yes. Well, now, Uncle Ben, at a dollar a-piece for your herrin', you couldn't have half filled the barrel."

"Well," says Uncle Ben, "that's all very true; but I sold the pickle at five dollars a spoonful!"

A hard boy—that same "Anciente Marinere!"

"Where Are You Going?"—An anecdote is told of Finney, the revivalist, and a canaler, to the following effect:

He was holding forth in Rochester, and in walking along the canal one day, came across a boatman who was swearing furiously. Marching up, he confronted him, and abruptly asked—

"Sir, do you know where you are going?"

The unsuspecting man innocently replied that he was going up the canal on the boat Johnny Sands.

"No, sir, you are not," continued Finney, "you are going to hell faster than a canal boat can convey you."

The bootman looked at him in astonishment for a minute, and then returned the question:

"Sir, do you know where you are going?"

"I expect to go to heaven."

"No, sir, you are going into the canal!" And suiting the action to the word, he took Finney in his arms and tossed him into the murky waters, where he would have drowned had not the boatman relented and fished him out.

Wormwood.—At a dinner party, one day, a certain knight whose character was considered to be not altogether unexceptionable, said he would give them a toast; and, looking hard in the face of Mrs. M———, who was more celebrated for wit than beauty, gave—"Honest men an' bonny lasses?"

"With all my heart, Sir John," said Mrs. M———, "for it neither applies to you nor I."

Mixed Metaphor.—Figures of speech are dangerous matters for orators to meddle with, and should be handled with care and skill, unless an ambitious speaker is willing to risk making himself ridiculous. A clergyman not long since reproved his congregation from the pulpit, and gravely assured that "the *hand* of Providence would not *wink* at their transgressions!" A descendant of one of the Revolutionary sires, in the national Legislature, astonished his brother legislators by saying: "My father and my grandfather both saw the *darkness* of midnight *glittering* in the *blaze* of their dwellings." John Randolph once spoke of himself as "*standing* on the *vacant* seat, which we now *occupy*"—but he was probably *absent* at the time.

Fair Play.—At the moment when, on the 14th of October, 1797, the British fleet under Admiral Duncan, and the Dutch fleet commanded by De Winter, were about to engage, two sailors, passing by Admiral Duncan's cabin, saw him on his knees.

"My eyes, Jack!" exclaimed one, "what is the Admiral about there?"

"Praying to Heaven," replied the other.

"Praying for what?"

"That the Lord may give us victory."

"Well now, that's a blasted shame. We are well able to lick them ourselves. Besides, give the beggars a chance."

Pleasant Either Way.—George Selwyn, as everybody knows, delighted in seeing executions; he never missed being in at a death at Tyburn.

When Lord Holland (the father of Charles Fox,) was confined to his bed by a dangerous illness, he was informed by his servant that Mr. Selwyn had recently called to inquire for him.

"On his next visit," said Lord Holland, "be sure you let him in, whether I am alive or a corpse; for, if I am alive, I shall have great pleasure in seeing him; and if I am a corpse, he will have great pleasure in seeing me!"

Shrewd Reply.—James II., when Duke of York, made a visit to Milton, out of curiosity. In the course of their conversation, the Duke said to the poet, that he thought his blindness was a judgment of heaven on him, because he had written against Charles I., his (the Duke's) father, when the immortal poet replied, "If your royal highness thinks that misfortunes are the indexes of the wrath of Heaven, what must you think of your father's tragical end? I have only lost my *eyes*—he lost his *head*."

Horribly Amusing.—A Frenchman was tried the other day in one of the Departments for having killed his father and mother. The crime was committed under the most revolting circumstances, and at the end of the pleadings, when he was about to be condemned to death, the President of the Tribunal asked the usual question, if he had anything to say in his defence?

"*Mon dieu, non Monsieur, le President*," he replied, "only I hope you will have pity on a poor orphan."

Giving a Title.—A lieutenant in the army, named Broom, was advanced to a captaincy, and naturally enough liked to hear himself addressed as Captain Broom. One of his friends persisted in calling him plain Broom, much to his annoyance, and one day, having done so for the fortieth time, Broom said: "You will please remember, sir, that I have a handle to my name." "Ah," said his tormentor, "so you have; well, Broomhandle, how are ye?"

Naive.—A bevy of little children were telling their father what they got at school. The eldest got Grammar, Geography, Arithmetic, &c., &c. The next got reading, spelling and definitions. "And what do you get, my little soldier?" said the father, to a rosy-cheeked little fellow, who was at that moment slily driving a tenpenny nail into a door panel.

"Me?—oh, I gets readin', spellin', and spankings."

Agricultural.

Hay Covers.—*Every Farmer His Own Manufacturer.*—Take a piece or more of yard wide unbleached cotton sheeting, that can be bought for 7 to 8 cts. per yard, and tack it up on the sunny side of the barn or board fence. Then prepare the following mixture, namely: For one gallon of linseed oil, add about two pounds of beeswax, to be simmered together, and when taken from the fire, add about a quart of Japan. When it is cold, it should be about the thickness of paint. If too thin, add more wax, and if too thick, add more oil, then paint the cloth over, on one side only, with a common painter's brush, and after drying a day or two, take it down and cut it into squares; then pick up stones of about 6 or 8 ounces each, and get the females of the family to sew one into each corner, and the thing is completed. It would be an improvement to enclose the stones in a small bag and suspend them a few inches, which would be thought very little more trouble in so good a cause. No hemming the selvages is necessary. Cast-iron weights of six ounces each would cost about one cent apiece, but it is doubtful whether they would answer a better purpose than stones. Every farmer should supply himself with these covers *at once*, as by-and-bye he will be too busy to attend to this matter. The immense losses sustained last year, by wet weather, should admonish him of its utmost importance. There is the best authority for stating that the county of Worcester alone, which produces upwards of 145,000 tons of hay annually, would have saved $20,000 last year if the farmers had been supplied with these hay covers.—*Hampshire Gazette.*

Barn-Yard Manure.—One chief conclusion arrived at in our recent series on this general subject, says an extended writer in the *Rural New Yorker*, was that *the dung of animals possesses its greatest manurial value in a fresh or undecomposed state.* Hence, to secure the greatest value of the contents of our barn-yards—to prevent the least loss of the fertilizing elements there stored away—the best method is to *plough it under the soil* as soon as so far decomposed that this can readily be done. One of the most profitable courses to pursue this spring, will be to clean the barn-yard, sheds, &c., and apply their contents to land intended for corn or roots, which are to be followed by winter or spring grains the next season, and then stocked to grass or clover—making this, or something near it, a regular system of rotation.

Mange in Sheep.—In order to cure this troublesome disease, it is necessary in the first place, thoroughly to eradicate the scurf, after which the following application may be made, and repeated every two or three days till the cure is effected:

Spirits of turpentine, ¾ pint.
Sulphur (flowers,) ¾ pound.
Train oil sufficient to make the above, when mixed, into a thin paste.

BROOM CORN.

Mr. Editor of Saturday Post:—This crop has proved to be one of the most lucrative of any raised by the farmer of the Middle and Western States, the demand of which is constantly increasing, both for home use and export. Hundreds of tons have been shipped to various ports of Europe, within a few past years, and has paid the manufacturer a handsome profit, which has caused the price of brush to advance at least one hundred per cent. to the farmer. The yield of broom corn per acre is 800 to 1,200 pounds, and will average 4c. to 6c. per pound, at home,—and it is as easily raised as the common Indian corn, and pays much better. Small farmers can do well to manufacture the brush into brooms. The art of broom making has become a simple business by the recent use of a new and improved Broom Machine, the cost of which is 20 to 25 dollars, with which any farmer can make from 60 to 100 brooms per day, and thereby make his winter labor as profitable as summer. This town, (Poland, Ohio,) has long been famed for broom corn raising and broom making, and thousands of acres are yearly raised in its vicinity, for home use and export, and in point of wealth and influence it is second to none in the Buckeye State. All Europe does not raise one acre of broom corn, the supply of which is furnished by the United States, and the demand this year will be greater than formerly, since the peace with Russia, as that country will be purchasers of broom corn and brooms. Broom corn is now selling in New York, for shipment, at 9c. to 12c. per pound, to go to various parts of the Continent. All enterprising farmers will do well to commence the business this year. It is planted and tended like common corn, and any farmer can raise it.

Poland, May 3d, 1856. J. F. Smith.

ECONOMY IN FERTILISERS.

An extreme waste in manure is one of the leading characteristics of our agriculture. Did our farmers know what they annually lose, they would be astonished. In Italy and in China a praiseworthy economy is observed in that particular which might be well imitated, especially by our poor agriculturists. The following remarks, from the Country Gentleman, are well worth preserving:

Many seem slow in learning this lesson, and therefore it may be repeated a great many times without any fear of its inutility or inapplicability. This may probably come under the eye of many—of some few at least—who never attempt to make the best possible use of several sources of fertility around them. Are there not a good many who, for example, never save or use their hen manure? Are there not a great many who leave their yard and stable manure to be injured more than one-half, by being left exposed to the incessant thefts committed by the sun, rains and winds.

Why does this negligence prevail? In some, probably, from a fear of trouble, but in most, perhaps, from some vague idea that it will not pay, or from the want of a firm and clear impression of the actual value of what they are allowing to go to waste. Every cultivator of the soil knows that the markets of the world, and the wants of the inhabitants of the world, are scarcely ever supplied to the full, and that he may add to these supplies and to the comfort of many, as well as to his own pecuniary income, by almost every addition to his crops which he can procure by means of manuring and extra cultivation of all kinds.

Let us take at present the case of hen manure. Bushels and barrels of it are allowed to go to waste every year. Now we may take for granted that this manure is not far behind guano in real value. If then guano and other fertilisers are freely bought at prices which make each pound of guano, or of an equivalent, cost about three cents in cash, why should not every pound of hen manure be estimated at least two cents? And then again, if guano, when *judiciously* used, produces an ample return, often from 100 to 700 per cent., and if there is good reason, as there is, to expect as good returns from hen manure at the price at which we have put it, how blind to all considerations which usually stir men to action must that man be who allows dollars or dollars' worth of domestic guano to go to waste, when if used it would bring him in more by tens and hundreds of times than the value in money if put at interest.

The same train of reasoning would lead to similar results in regard to other neglected sources of fertility. We leave those interested to make their own application.

Meanwhile, we would draw to a conclusion this appeal to those who have hitherto been thoughtless or neglectful, by reminding them that they may even yet do something to make up for past negligence. For example, the hen manure, which their more careful and thrifty neighbors have swept up every week and put into boxes and barrels, with a sprinkling or layer of charcoal on the top of every fresh sweeping, they may yet save, though in a less valuable condition, and use for garden or the more remote fields with great advantage to the crops of the season now at hand. A barrel would manure half an acre of corn. It should be mixed with muck or some other divisor, as undiluted it would burn the seed as guano does.

Agricultural State Shows for 1856.—The following list embraces the names of the State Shows to be held during the present year:

American Pomological Society, at Rochester,	Sept. 24.
Canada East, at Three Rivers,	Sept. 16, 17, 18.
Canada West, at Kingston,	Sept. 23, 24, 25, 26.
Illinois,	Sept. 30, Oct. 1, 2, 3.
Indiana, at Indianapolis,	Oct. 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25.
Maine,	Oct. 28, 29, 30, 31.
Michigan, at Detroit,	Sept 30, Oct. 1, 2, 3.
New Hampshire,	Oct. 8, 9, 10.
New York, at Watertown,	Sept. 30, Oct. 1, 2, 3.
North Carolina, at Raleigh,	Oct. 14, 15, 16, 17.
Ohio, at Cleveland,	Sept. 23, 24, 25, 26.
United States Agricultural Society, at Philadelphia,	Oct. 7, 8, 9, 10.

Profitable Fowls.—Charles W. Keating, of Pepperell, Mass., writes to the *Cultivator*, giving an account of six hens raised on the farm of Mr. David Boynton, of Pepperell. These hens, being all last spring's chickens, commenced laying very early, and laid through the winter—producing from the first of January to the twentieth of April, thirty-five dozen of eggs. He received for the eggs $7,26. The cost of keeping the hens three months and two-thirds, was $1,25—leaving a net profit of $6. They still lay their three dozen of eggs a week—not one having wanted to set. The breed is the Bolton Grey—and Mr. Keating thinks it the right kind of fowl for farmers.

Cure for Garget in Cows.—Wash the udder with salt water twice a day, and it will generally disappear. If the case is obstinate and has been neglected, Garget Root or Crowberry, given a few times, will effect a cure.

GRAFTING.

The season to commence grafting is near at hand, and the people of this country have been so much and so often imposed upon, we deem it our duty to raise a warning voice.

In travelling over the country, we everywhere see the marks on orchards, of the works of charlatans in this business. There are not a few orchards that have been nearly ruined by this scoundrelism—and we know little scoundrelism that is worse than the hacking and hewing of a man's orchard, by an individual thoroughly ignorant of vegetable physiology. It is equalled in villany only by the man who should undertake the work of the surgeon while totally ignorant of anatomy. Such men *may* hit right, but they are *more* likely to do mischief than service; and if they are not destitute of common sense, they know it.

We would suggest to all our readers, first of all, not to allow any man to cut a limb from one of their trees unless they know who he is, for any purpose, especially for grafting, and then not unless he is pecuniarily responsible for any mischief he may do. And more than this. No man should be allowed, unless his work is known to have been uniformly and universally successful for years, until he has given bonds with good and sufficient surety for any and all damages that may result from his operations. Every competent and honest man who understands his business, will not object to this demand, because this is the only way in which the public can protect itself from imposition, and the destruction of its property by ignorant, unskillful, unprincipled pretenders in this business.

The truth is, every man who can cut off a limb, and set a scion so that it will live, is not qualified to do this business as it should be. There are immensely higher qualifications for this work, than this mere mechanical skill. It needs a knowledge of the laws of vegetable life and growth, to do this work as it should be. Without this, the whole thing is mere *guess work*, and the individual in thus attempting to put a new top on a tree, is just as likely to do mischief as service. We say, then, keep ignorant men out of your fruit trees.

We wish it to be distinctly understood, that there is no reason at all in the nature of things, why trees should die under the grafting knife.

When any such result follows this operation on a healthy tree, the operation alone is responsible for it. It is the result of mal-practice, flowing from ignorance or scoundrelism, it matters little which, for ignorance has no business to work in this thing at all. And if any one sets scions from an unhealthy tree, through ignorance, or wilfully, without informing the proprietor, he is a knave and a scoundrel, and ought to be punished accordingly. Until men who are engaged in grafting are held preliminarily accountable for their malpractices, we shall not have an end of charlatans. No honest man who understands his business will object to this. Only impostors will do so. It will be a benefit to all honest grafters.—*Oxford Democrat.*

How to Protect Growing Corn.—The Granite Farmer, says:

"The most *sure* way to have the seed '*come up*,'" and do well, is first to manure and prepare the ground well—plant good seed, clean as it came from the cob? This never fails with me; all variations from this *have* failed under different circumstances.

"*To prevent the seed from being destroyed by the hens.*—The pig, with a full belly, will never root around; the hen, with a full crop, will not scratch the ground. Therefore—when my hens are disposed to *scratch*, I call them to the barn, and give them as much corn as they will eat, for which they always sing to me a merry tune, and lay a whole hat full of eggs.

"*To prevent crows from pulling corn*—I scatter corn in the field broadcast, which they feed upon and leave the seed. If I have too much company by my liberality, I soak the corn in strychnia and hot water. Last spring, after scattering half a bushel of corn soaked in this way, I picked up forty-two dead crows, and how many more went off feeling 'kind o' sick,' I am not able to state.

"*Wire and grub worms* are more difficult customers to deal with—for any poison used for their destruction, is always absorbed by the soil, which is a sure protection to them. I have never found a sure remedy for these pests; and can only secure my seed by planting enough for their wants and mine too, and if they get more than their share, I plant new hills a few inches from the old ones thus destroyed, and 'thin out' at second hoeing."

Injury to Fruit Trees by Mice.—We hear of much injury having been done to apple and pear trees, the past winter, by the short-tailed field mouse. The animal has gnawed the bark from the trunks of the trees, near the ground, the deep snow having furnished a cover for these operations. In many instances the damage cannot be repaired; in others the denuded spots may be recovered by inserting scions at the bottom and top of the wound, so as to convey the sap from the roots upwards. The scions themselves will unite with and form part of the tree. But it will be advisable to guard against a repetition of this injury, by keeping the snow, from the first fall, firmly trod around the base of the tree. This will form a barrier through which the mice will not penetrate.

Cure for Staggers in Horses.—Mr. Lewis S. Folson, of Hancock county, Mississippi, gives the following remedy for staggers which he says "never fails when applied in time:" On the first symptoms of the staggers, take 2 ounces of good English calomel, and make three doses of it, and mix with molasses: pull out his tongue, and with a spoon, put it as far down as possible; in one hour, the same, and one hour more, the same; and in one hour after the calomel, give him one pint of castor oil and one pint of whiskey mixed, and bleed freely at the nostrils from the start, and if anything will cure, this will. I never saw it fail.

Water for Calves.—Accident, says a correspondent of the Ohio Cultivator, recently taught me what, till then, I did not know, viz: that calves while fed on milk, need free access to water. I had supposed the milk (consisting of their entire food) was enough without water. But in changing my calves from one pasture to another, they passed a water trough and drank heartily. I acted on the hint, and have since supplied them, and find they need water as often as older cattle. No day passed without their using more or less.

Lemon Tree.—Samuel Williams, of Waterloo, writes: "A lemon fell from my tree yesterday, weighing eight ounces. I have many more still larger ready to fall. I have the tree in a large tub in our sitting room, ready to be moved out of doors when the frosts are gone."

Salt and Guano.—Recent experiments, as stated in the *Mark Lane [England] Express*, go to show that common salt is a valuable addition to all applications of guano to the soil. It not only has a tendency to give strength and hardness to the straw [which guano weakens,] but prevents the loss of ammonia, which is constantly going on, even in a dry atmosphere. We have before referred to this suggestion, and have no doubt of the value of it.

Carrots.—What would be the result if every farmer in the United States should raise one acre of carrots? An acre will produce from 400 to 1,400 bushels, and when mixed with grain, is of equal value per bushel for feed of all kinds of stock, and for milch cows still more. Another advantage of the crop is that it is equal to a good dressing of manure for the succeeding crop of any other farm product. Do, we conjure you, plant carrots.—*Tribune.*

Useful Receipts.

To Clean Wall Paper.—Soiled wall papers may be made to look as well almost as new, in most cases, by the following expedient:—Take about two quarts of wheat bran, tie it up in a bundle in coarse flannel, and rub it over the paper. It will cleanse the whole paper of all description of dirt and spots, better than any other means that can be used. Some use bread, but dry bran is better."

Preparing Poultry for Market.—An extensive raiser of poultry for the New York market, living in Chetauque county, gives the following description of his mode of preparing turkeys: "I tie their legs and hang them by the heels, and stick them to bleed to death. By the time they are entirely dead, I have them plucked of the principal part of their feathers. They are then dipped in hot water and finished. This leaves the skin whole, smooth and yellow, and the body plump. If it be sent to market, poultry should not be frozen—only cooled. These hints are worth remembering by all who wish to command the highest prices in the market."

Labels for Trees.—Zinc labels are prepared in the following manner: Take half a drachm of lampblack, one drachm of verdigris, one drachm of pulverized sal ammoniac, and dissolve them in ten drachms of water. This will form a permanent ink, which may be used for writing upon strips of zinc, and will last as long as the labels.

To Keep Furs.—Roll the furs (of any description) into compact, close bundles, and wrap around them two, three, or more wrappings of unbroken paper, in such manner as to prevent the ingress of insects. If this be properly done, they may be put where most convenient, in a dark place or in a light one, in a tight drawer, or on an open shelf, and may be left undisturbed until wanted, whether that be six months or six years, without danger. No need of camphor, tobacco, &c.

To Preserve Meat.—To preserve meat, roll it up in Indian meal, and it will keep four or five days in the hottest weather. The meat should be laid down in pieces not to exceed three pounds, and each piece should be entirely covered with the meal.

How to Cook Shad.—Shad are excellent when baked, either on a board, which is best, by the following mode:—Stuff them with a seasoning made of bread crumbs, butter, salt, pepper, and (if agreeable) parsley and spices. Put the fish in a baking-fish, with a cupful of water and a lump of butter. Bake from three quarters of an hour to an hour. Shad *broiled* is also excellent, but it is spoiled by *frying*, as it loses nearly all its fine flavor. This being a moist fish, it should never be *boiled*. Those who never eat a baked or broiled shad, know nothing of that excellence which we claim for this fish over all others.—*Germantown Telegraph.*

Cramp.—Those who may be subject in the night time to that excruciating pain called cramp, will be doubtless glad to learn that by tying any kind of bandage very tight round the leg, immediately above the knee, this unpleasant sensation will be instantaneously removed.

To Make Fruit Pies.—No under crust should be made to apple or any fruit pie. It is always heavy and not fit to eat. Place a narrow rim of paste around the edge of the plate, and fill with the fruit either raw or stewed, and cover it. The juices will be retained much better, and it will save a sight of butter and flour, which is no trifling consideration in these days, and what is of more consequence, save *dyspepsia*, which costs more. After cutting, they are taken out with a spoon.

Boil your Molasses.—When molasses is used in cooking, it is a very great improvement to boil and skim it before you use it. It takes out the raw taste, and makes it almost as good as sugar. Where molasses is much used for cooking, it is well to prepare one or two gal-

BANK NOTE LIST.

CORRECTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY WITHERS & PETERSON, BANKERS,
No. 29 South Third Street.

...N RR	"	...ow at a time.		70	75
ling RR	"	82¼	82½	Girard	11¼	11⅝
Mort	"	92½	83½	Western	70	75
Lan RR	"	93	93½	Man & Mechs	30	31
S RR 7	"	77	78	Commerce	68	70
al RR	"	30	40	Tradesman's	63	—
RR	"	82	—	City	53	54
Wil & Bal		—	—	Consolidation	25¾	26
RR 6 per ct		85	86½	United States	—	1
T RR	"	73	74	Pittsburg	59	—
Nav '82	"	72½	73	M & M Pitts	61	63
h Nav	"	96½	96¾	Ex'ge Pitts	57	—
t	"	96½	97	Kentucky	111	112
Cl	"	84	85	Northern, Ky	116	116½
Tid '78	"	65½	67	Louisville, Ky	114	114½
RAILROAD STOCKS.				Farmers, Ky	106½	109
& Amboy		124½	125	Union, N'sh. Tenn	96	101
		45½	46	Plant's, Tenn	96	101
Meadow		93¼	93½	Com & R Vicks	6	8
Penna		15	17	N O Gas Lt	120	120

Apples			
Peache			
Do par			
Ground			
Cranbe			
FURS			
Beave			
Fe			
—Rocl			
Muskr			
Nutrie			
Racco			
GINS			
Crude			
Clarifi			
GUAI			
Colum			
Peruv			
GRAI			
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red			
Do			
—Sou			
—Do			
Rye—			
—Sou			
Corn			

Butter Adulterated with Flint Stone.—Astounding as is the announcement at the heading of this paragraph, it is nevertheless true. Butter is adulterated with flint stones. This heartless and wicked fraud is especially practiced in the low kinds of butter usually sold in large manufacturing towns to the poorer and industrious population. The flint stones are ground and then chemically manipulated until they are reduced into a soluble substance which is known by the denomination of "soluble silicia." When this latter preparation is dissolved in water it becomes a stiff gelatinous body, somewhat resembling strong jelly. This jelly is mixed to a considerable extent with butter of low quality, to which fresh salt and coloring matter are added. The product of this villainous adulteration is a compound which resembles a very good looking dairy-made butter. But it has not the firmness or bright appearance of genuine butter, and is devoid of the richness and wholesome qualities of the latter. We have seen this gross adulteration at the laboratories of the Northern Analytical College, Sheffield, and we are credibly informed that Professor Calvert, of Manchester, has detected this fraud recently and frequently.—*English Paper.*

☞ The bachelors of Gloucester are an ungallant, musty fusty set of fellows. At their annual supper, a few nights ago, the following was one of the toasts: "Our Future Wives.—Distance lends enchantment to the view."

The Riddler.

BIOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 38 letters.
My 7, 25, 31, 28, 19, was a distinguished statesman of the State of Virginia.
My 16, 4, 26, 17, was a celebrated French poetess.
My 34, 30, 25, 9, 21, was an eminent English lawyer and statesman.
My 26, 32, 31, 4, was a Venetian lady celebrated for her talents in painting.
My 34, 28, 30, 29, 31, was a renowned king of India, conquered by Alexander the Great.
My 20, 18, 16, 25, 16, 15, 31, was an illustrious Persian general.
My 6, 20, 13, 14, was the last royal governor of the State of Maryland.
My 33, 18, 25, 31, was the first person who engraved French type in the style of Baskerville.
My 11, 4, 23, 14, was privy counsellor and physician to the Empress Maria Theresa.
My 3, 18, 26, 21, was a Signer of the Declaration of Independence.
My 22, 12, 23, 21, 11, was a general in the American army during the Revolution.
My 16, 25, 29, 26, was an eminent Spanish engineer and mathematician.
My 7, 35, 4, 20, was an eminent English physician.
My 16, 8, 14, 12, 20, 6, 7, 29, 31, was a Cynic philosopher and a fanatic, who pretended to be sent from hell to notice the actions of mankind.
My 14, 2, 1, 21, 32, 19, was a most celebrated English philosopher and mathematician.
My 19, 28, 38, was attorney-general in the reign of Charles the First.
My 32, 20, 28, was an abbot of Cluny, distinguished for his great learning and sanctity.
My 32, 19, 21, was a learned Swiss, and professor of Hebrew at Zurich.
My 26, 32, 28, 9, was a member of Congress from Connecticut.
My 37, 28, 32, 31, was an eminent portrait and landscape painter of Otterburg.
My 36, 32, 28, 16, 2, was a celebrated English dramatic writer.
My 31, 4, 29, 14, 20, 27, 26, 31, was an eminent and successful English oculist.
My 31, 6, 1, 18, 30, 20, was an excellent English poetess.
My 11, 38, 4, 9, 19, was a governor of the colony of Va.
My 24, 25, 21, 8, 31, was chief justice of the State of New York.
My 13, 20, 16, 12, 26, was an English Benedictine who wrote the history of his own time.
My 20, 17, 8, 30, was a celebrated English divine and poet.
My 16, 29, 6, 21, was a French architect, and the author of valuable treatises on architecture.
My 16, 29, 26, 25, 21, was a soldier of fortune, who emerged from obscurity during the French revolution.
My 22, 29, 31, 31, was a celebrated German reformer and martyr.
My 3, 29, 16, 2, was a distinguished philosopher and historian.

My whole is a bold and noble sentiment spoken by an American naval commander.

Stationville, Pa. CLINT.

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

I am composed of 17 letters.
My 1, 7, 17, is a fancy article much used by the ladies.
My 2, 3, 16, is a certain period of time.
My 3, 5, 12, is to dress a ship.
My 4, 13, 17, is a habitation for animals.
My 5, 9, 11, is a name for a girl.
My 6, 16, 12, is a pet name for a horse.
My 7, 17, 4, is a conjunction.
My 8, 2, 9, is a nickname for a boy.
My 9, 5, 6, signifies a noise.
My 10, 7, 17, is a biped.
My 11, 12, 2, should be respected.
My 12, 5, 8, is an intoxicating liquor.
My 13, 2, 14, is a fish.
My 14, 5, 4, is a covering for any kind of vessel.
My 15, 7, 9, is a half-grown boy.
My 16, 6, 17, is a name of a girl.
My 17, 5, 12, is a nickname for a "darkey."

My whole was a distinguished Portuguese navigator and discoverer. GAHMEW.

GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 25 letters.
My 4, 10, 11, 17, is a town in Switzerland.
My 19, 11, 13, 23, is a mountain in Italy.
My 1, 21, 2, 18, 6, 9, is an island on the coast of Europe.
My 5, 19, 16, 13, 21, is a river in Italy.
My 7, 3, 22, 23, is a town in Italy.
My 14, 15, 8, 18, 12, 10, 6, 9, is an island on the coast of Europe.
My 24, 25, 12, 8, 13, is a town in the Netherlands.
My 20, 23, 17, 11, is an island belonging to Germany.

My whole is a celebrated vocalist. CINROS.

CHARADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

My first is a contraction of a boy's name.
My second is a vowel.
My third is a lovely spot.
My fourth is what the lawyer pleads for.
My fifth is an article.
My whole many a one is proud to be called. H.

Ann Arbor, Mich.

REBUS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of letters four,
A blessing given to rich and poor;
My first begins a ruler great,
Of dress and deeds in church or state.
My second a name of a thing you'll find
Is sometimes worshiped by mankind.
My third begins a city's name
That once was first in wealth and fame.
My fourth and last what all should shun
As an enemy to every one.
A friend the warmest is my whole
If rightly kept in man's control.

Belmont, county, Ohio. ADDISON.

CHARADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

My first read backwards or forwards is the same.
My second is an exclamation.
My third is a verb.
My fourth reversed is very disagreeable to pedestrians.
My whole is a help to the memory

Venango county, Pa. ARTEMUS MARTIN.

PROBLEM.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

How many square feet are contained in a plank whose length is 12 feet 6 inches, the breadth at the greater end 15 inches, and at the less end 11 inches?

Centre Hill, Pa. "LEYDEN."

GEOMETRICAL PROBLEM.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

There are two towers of unequal heights, situated on a plane near each other. A line extending from the base of the lower tower to the top of the higher is 168 feet; and a line extending from the base of the higher to top of the lower is 147 feet; also a line extending from the top of the lower to the top of the higher is 126 feet. Required the height of the towers and their distance from each other? ARTEMUS MARTIN.

Sandy Creek, Pa.

CONUNDRUMS.

☞ What letter changes a vessel to a bird? Ans.—Letter L makes an ark a lark.

☞ At what age are ladies most happy? Ans—At Marri-*age*.

☞ Why is a person who bets on every horse in a race like a drunkard? Ans.—Because he's a backin' all.

☞ Why is a milkman like a sailor? Ans.—Because he gets his bread by *water*.

☞ Why is a joiner less handsome than his wife? Ans.—Because he is a deal-planer.

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN LAST.

BIOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.—General Andrew Jackson, seventh President of the United States. MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.—Do unto others as ye would have them do unto you. GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.—Hamilton College Grammar School, Clinton, Oneida Co., N. Y. CHARADE.—Sky-light. CHARADE.—Schoolmaster. CHARADE.—Squire-hood. ALGEBRAICAL PROBLEM.—9. PROBLEM.—£2 3s., 10-59d.

☞ One might as well be out of the world, as beloved by nobody in it.